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THE *Nation*

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The Poles Are Ready

BY ALBERT VITON

✱

Interpretation

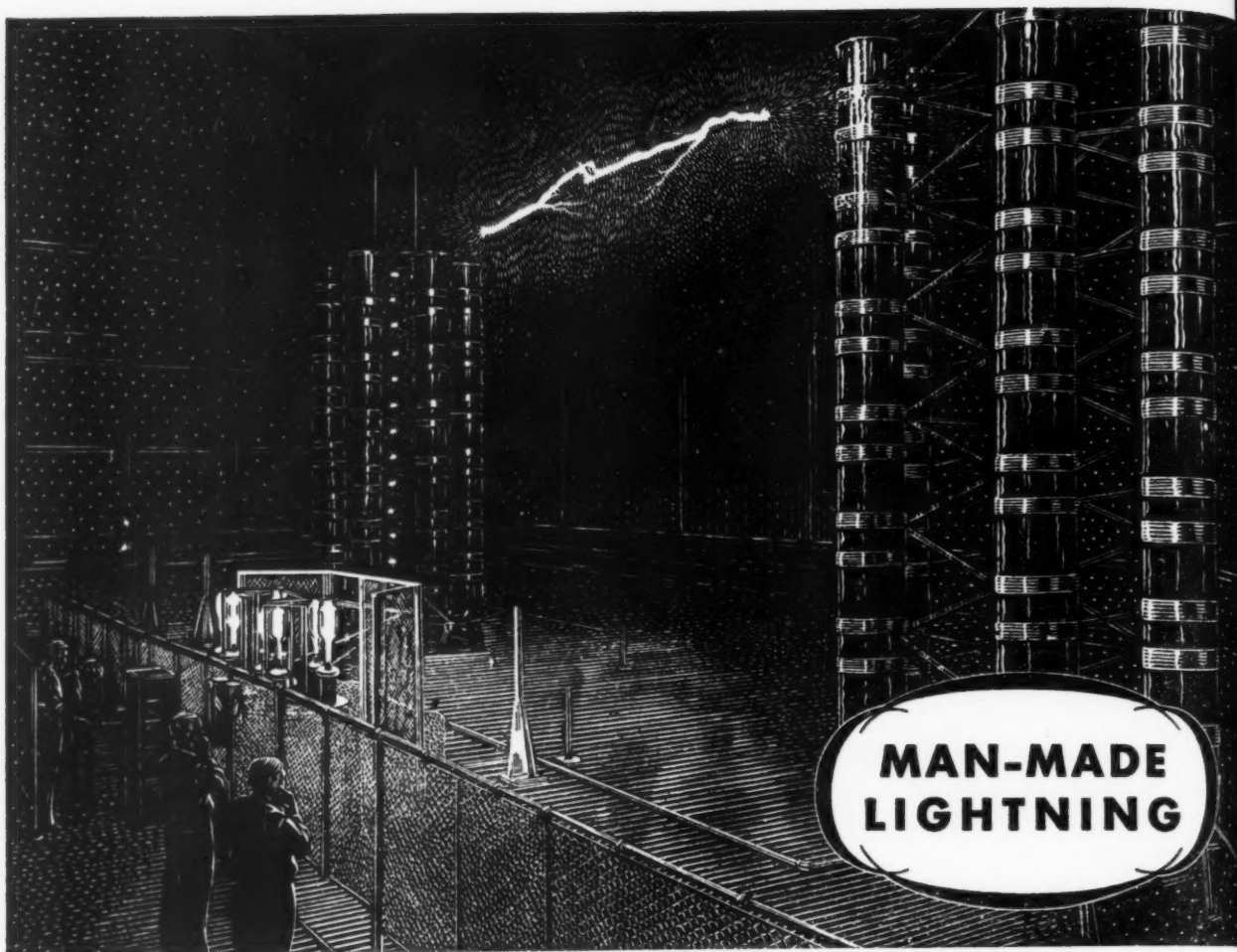
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BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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The Shape of Things

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WITH TWENTY-ONE MILLION TONS OF soft coal above ground and the nation's needs estimated at seven million tons a week, negotiations between soft-coal operators and the United Mine Workers' Union were still deadlocked as *The Nation* went to press. Last-minute intervention by the President, who has summoned negotiators for both sides to the White House, may succeed in preventing a serious crisis. Already New York City's subways have curtailed service to cope with diminishing coal reserves. Blame for the inconvenience that threatens the public rests on the operators. On March 16 John L. Lewis offered a resolution under which the miners would have continued at work during the negotiations. The operators in turn would have promised to make the terms of any settlement retroactive to April 1, when the old agreement expired. The operators voted the resolution down. Lewis blames the Administration for not having insisted that the operators accept this proposal in the public interest. The stubbornness of the operators strengthens the suspicion that they are deliberately provoking trouble in the hope of weakening Lewis and the U. M. W. U., and thereby the C. I. O.

★

THE LATEST DEMAND OF THE CHAMBER OF Commerce of the United States that business taxes be modified as "deterrents to recovery" is part of what appears to be a carefully organized campaign for federal tax reduction. By dint of mass newspaper publicity the impression has been given that business is threatened with immediate collapse if something is not done to lift the staggering burden of New Deal taxes. The utter inaccuracy of this picture is revealed by the preliminary report of a survey of business taxes conducted by the Research and Statistics Division of Dun and Bradstreet. On the basis of the first 10,000 returns to a widely distributed questionnaire, the total federal, state, and local taxes of manufacturing industries were found to be only 3.3 per cent of total sales. Retailers, excluding chains, paid taxes amounting to 2.03 per cent of their total sales, while those of wholesalers totaled only 1.5 per cent.

Moreover, not all these taxes, small though they are, are paid out of profits. Some of the most substantial, notably the social-security levy and property taxes, are largely passed on to the consumer in the form of higher prices. If these and certain minor and franchise taxes are deducted, the true tax burden is only about half the figures given above and is confined almost wholly to concerns earning profits. With the chamber's demand for a revision of our tax structure we are in entire agreement. But we feel that the taxes on business profits and on middle and high incomes should be increased rather than cut. Tax reduction should start with repeal of the federal excise and sales levies, the taxes which really bear on business through the curtailment of mass buying power.

✱

A FIRST STEP TOWARD TOTALITARIANISM IS the way Representative Caroline O'Day characterized the Hobbs bill, which has just passed the House. The bill provides that deportable aliens who cannot obtain a passport to leave the country and whose own countries refuse to receive them may be placed in concentration camps. It is shocking that a bill so at variance with the traditions of a free country should have been reported favorably by a majority of the House Judiciary Committee without a hearing and then have passed a House that reverberates all too often with oratory on "Americanism." Congressman Emanuel Celler, in a minority report opposing the bill, pointed out that deportable aliens unable to obtain passports constitute a minor problem, hardly warranting methods that smack so strongly of fascism. In the past nine years, Celler estimates, 850 aliens would have been affected by the bill's provisions, a third of these being White Russians denied passports by the Soviet government. The bill provides for neither trial by jury nor any other constitutional safeguard, and under it a deportable alien could be imprisoned for life by an administrative officer. We hope our readers will do all they can to prevent its passage in the Senate.

✱

FRANCE HAS TAKEN ANOTHER IMPORTANT step along the road to reaction by requiring the unemployed to shift to any part of the country where jobs may exist under the penalty of being struck from the relief rolls. This action follows a series of decrees increasing the work week from forty to forty-five, fifty, and in some cases sixty hours; imposing new taxes and economies designed to provide an additional 20,000,000,000 francs for defense; and restricting the freedom of the press still further. A year ago a prediction that the fundamental rights of French workers and citizens could be thus restricted without a revolution would have been simply laughed at. Labor has conceded so much, however, in the past few months in granting "emergency" powers to Daladier that it has few weapons left with which to fight.

There is also a growing feeling that France has got itself into a position which requires that the entire nation be put on a war footing if the country is to survive. France is only beginning to pay the price for having sold its best friend and ally into slavery at Munich.

✱

THE BOMBING OF CHUNGKING BY JAPANESE planes was one of the more frightful outrages of a war which from the beginning has been characterized by unusual brutality. Estimates of the number killed range from three to ten thousand; practically all were civilians. More than a million and a half Chinese have fled from the burning city. Attacks were made on two successive days, but it was the second bombing that accounted for at least three-fourths of the casualties. A touch of irony was provided by the fact that the bombs set fire to and destroyed a number of buildings in the German embassy compound and badly damaged the embassy itself. The Chungking bombing came nearly a year after similar attacks on Canton had stirred protests throughout the civilized world. Despite the protests, Japanese planes are still driven by American gasoline and still dropping bombs made perhaps from American scrap iron.

✱

THOMAS L. STOKES IS A TALENTED AND ABLE Washington correspondent attached to the Scripps-Howard chain. But the series of articles for which he won the Pulitzer award is one of his least distinguished contributions. An article on the Scripps-Howard newspapers, appearing elsewhere in this issue, serves to illuminate the background of the prize-winning series. Roy Howard decided some time ago that since we could not have low taxes and the WPA, the WPA must go. Having failed, in a direct appeal, to convert the President to his view, he apparently determined to "get" the WPA by more indirect methods. Along with the rest of the publishing fraternity he raised the slogan of "politics in the WPA." Mr. Stokes was sent to Kentucky to get a story to tie in with the Howard campaign; and he got it. A newspaperman who goes after a story on which his employer has already taken an editorial stand is under a handicap; detachment is likely to be missing. Under difficult circumstances Stokes did a good piece of reporting, but his findings were magnified into the anti-New Deal series of 1938. This isn't the first time the jury's views have paralleled those of the anti-New Deal brain trust.

✱

SOME DAY WE ARE PLANNING TO DO something about the World's Fair. So far we have only discussed the Freedom Pavilion—which isn't in it. A lot of buildings and exhibits and entertainments, we hear, are in it, and when that pass Mr. Whalen promised us arrives we shall attend to them too. We only wish we hadn't missed International Business Machines Day. A

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lot of other days are coming—Mothers', Tulip, National Association of Cost Accountants, Fred Smith, Fine Woolens, and Grandma's Night Out Day. All these we shall attend—if that pass comes through—but put together they won't make up for I. B. M. Day, with Nicholas Murray Butler apostrophizing freedom and Thomas J. Watson, while the latter sat by modestly, perhaps with his Hitler medal on his breast. We didn't need a pass to read the official catalogue, but it is a melancholy exercise. On one page we read that Albania is "at present ruled by His Majesty King Zog I," and the Czechoslovak section a few pages farther on announces a travel exhibit illustrating scenic attractions within the "recently revised borders." Most painful of all is the section on Spain's exhibit, which was to display "the democratic and cultural progress of the republic. . . ." The paragraph ends with an announcement of a "series of five frescos entitled 'Actual Moment in Spain,' " as well as a mural showing "the Erika Reed, the first American food ship to bring food and medical supplies to [Loyalist] Spain during the Spanish civil war." It will be interesting to see what Franco's representatives at the Fair have done with those paintings. But before we go over to investigate we have a job to do. National Poetry Center has asked us to write a poem for the Fair, and we must get right at it because if it isn't in by May 26 it won't appear, "enlarged approximately ten feet square," in "the World's Largest Illuminated Book" "for the 60,000,000 visitors to see." Excuse us while we jot down a few rhymes.

★

FRANK P. WALSH DIED IN HARNESS TO THE same ideals that won his allegiance as a young lawyer in St. Louis. He was a defender of Tom Mooney, of Sacco and Vanzetti, of William Z. Foster. As chairman of Woodrow Wilson's Commission on Industrial Relations he blazed away at J. P. Morgan the Elder, at Carnegie, Russell Sage, and Rockefeller. His assault on "the tyranny of capitalism" in the commission's reports, his factual data on the maldistribution of wealth, and his proposals for industrial democracy earned him the label "socialistic" when that was still an epithet. He fought for Irish independence at Versailles and was legal adviser to de Valera when the Irish leader was negotiating with Lloyd George in 1921. He supported La Follette for President in 1924. When Franklin D. Roosevelt, as Governor of New York, established a State Power Authority to develop the potentialities of the St. Lawrence River and keep them out of private hands, he named Walsh its first chairman. Walsh made the authority a vigorous and effective defender of the public interest. Finally, though a Catholic, Walsh had the courage to speak out in defense of Loyalist Spain. His sudden death at seventy-four brought to a close the vigorous and honorable career of a liberal who never grew tired.

Contest of Nerves

IF EUROPE is not yet technically in a state of war, it is certainly far from being at peace. And the tension is increasing. Hitler has in fact begun another of those contests of nerves which served him so well last September. He is once again gambling on the theory that his opponents will break first and enable him to bring off another bloodless triumph. Thus Colonel Beck's firm but by no means chauvinistic speech has not been answered directly either by fresh demands or by offers to negotiate. Instead, a press campaign of growing virulence has been organized, and a flood of rumors released with the object of intimidating the Poles and their friends.

Meanwhile, advantage has been taken of the dilatory methods of the British government in its construction of the anti-aggression front to demonstrate to the world the contrasting unity and firmness of purpose of the dictators. With well-staged publicity, Baron von Ribbentrop and Count Ciano met at Milan and agreed in principle on the conversion of the axis into "a comprehensive political and military alliance." It is doubtful whether this new treaty is much more than window-dressing, since Mussolini is already tightly bound by circumstances to Berlin and compelled to accept all orders not only in the international but also in the domestic sphere. It is even more doubtful whether the Italian people will overcome their dislike and suspicion of Nazi policies. But the apparently reinforced axis may serve to impress other powers which have been discouraged by the indecision of London and Paris.

Just as Chamberlain once hoped to satisfy Hitler with small appeasements, so he now hopes apparently to scare him by limited threats. Downing Street has still to recognize that the fascist menace is not to be overcome by half-measures; that, on the contrary, only a closely welded coalition of powers acting as a diplomatic and military unit can now possibly succeed in checking Hitler's megalomania. Such a coalition cannot be built with Russia either left out altogether or, at best, permitted only a garret in the servants' wing. Yet by all accounts the British government is still trying to persuade Moscow to give contingent guaranties of assistance to Poland and Rumania instead of agreeing to an Anglo-French-Russian pact capable both of offering mutual security and of providing joint guaranties to smaller prospective victims of aggression. While such hesitation exists at the British Foreign Office, and while important sections of the London press still revive the Munich note at every opportunity, it is no cause for wonder that the Russian government should remain suspicious of British good faith.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the Litvinov mystery is hardly calculated to allay Western doubts about Soviet policy. It is difficult to accept the sudden disappearance of the veteran Foreign Minister as a pure coincidence which leaves Moscow's international outlook unchanged. Litvinov has always been the proponent of collaboration with the Western powers in a policy of collective security. And now when, despite British wobbling, this aim seems nearer achievement than ever before, not only does he resign without warning and without a word of farewell to the foreign diplomats or the foreign press, but, it is reported, his closest aids have been removed and even his picture taken from the vestibule of the Foreign Office. With no word of explanation offered officially, it is hardly surprising that rumors should multiply of a new departure in Soviet policy.

According to the New York *Daily Worker*, the displacement of Litvinov by V. M. Molotov is intended as "a sharp and drastic notice to the Chamberlains and Daladiers" that negotiations with Russia are not to be used as a cover for a new sell-out on Munich lines. This explanation is also favored by some well-informed non-Communist observers. On the other hand, the suggestion has been made that the dropping of Litvinov foreshadows a Russian move toward isolation or even a deal with Germany which would insure the latter a neutralized eastern front while it settled accounts with the West. Certainly there are influential people in Germany who would be glad to see such a deal in effect, a return to the policy which Bismarck vainly pressed on Kaiser Wilhelm II. The possibility is being seriously discussed in diplomatic and financial circles in Berlin, which are pointing out that recently Hitler has ceased his verbal blasting of Moscow. Another straw is the reported willingness of Japan to turn its pact with Germany and Italy into a military alliance. Up to now it has politely refused invitations to this effect. The change of heart suggests that it takes the possibility of a German-Russian understanding seriously enough to wish to head it off.

Despite such rumors, it is difficult to believe that Russia is really preparing to withdraw from Europe and give the green light to Hitler. There would, perhaps, be a certain ironic justice in leaving fascism and Western capitalism to choke each other—thus reversing the once-cherished scheme of the Anglo-French reactionaries. But such tactics have already recoiled on the West, and surely in the long run they would prove equally dangerous for Russia. Fundamentally Britain, France, and Russia share a vital interest. None of them can afford to allow Germany to dominate Europe by force. They all need peace if peace can be secured without making concessions which simply encourage blackmail. They all know that such a peace is inconceivable unless they find the way to solidarity and find it quickly.

Showdown on Neutrality

AFTER more than a month of bitter and fruitless controversy, it now appears that final action on proposals for revising the Neutrality Act may be taken within a few days. Although the hearings have done little to dissipate the mists of confusion which have hung over the issue throughout the present session of Congress, individual Congressmen are tending to line up in three distinct camps. Having failed in their attempt to obtain support for stronger mandatory legislation, the isolationists have rallied behind Senator Vandenberg's proposal to reenact Section 2, the cash-and-carry clause which expired May 1. The chances of the Pittman bill being adopted, on the other hand, have been greatly increased by the Administration's acceptance of its cash-and-carry formula for arms shipments. Pittman's latest proposal, which would give the President power to embargo all trade with Japan, has removed many of the practical objections to his original bill. Advocates of a positive self-defense policy for the United States that would deny America's resources to law-breakers are lined up behind the Thomas-Geyer resolution, which would permit the President and Congress to distinguish between an aggressor and its victim.

In urging that the cash-and-carry provisions with regard to raw materials be reenacted but that otherwise the act remain unchanged, isolationists argue that both the Pittman and the Thomas plans are in reality "unneutral," that both would, in practice, work to the disadvantage of Germany if it should be the aggressor in a European war. The statement is essentially true, but the deduction from it—that we can keep out of war only if we are impartial in all our actions—is an absurdity. Yet this assumption forms the basis of the whole isolationist position. Complete impartiality is a myth. Even the complete cessation of all trade would not be impartial, since it would work to the relative disadvantage of the country with which we normally had the greatest trade. Our present Neutrality Act was certainly not impartial with respect to Spain; it would not be neutral in its effect if applied to the Far East. The conditions which cause the cash-and-carry policy to work to the advantage of England and France as against Germany are not inherent in the policy—they are created by geography.

The term "neutrality" in connection with our basic foreign policy is responsible for endless confusion. "Neutrality" is not an end in itself. What is important is that we keep out of war and protect our national security. The time has passed, if indeed it ever existed, when that can best be achieved by attempts at impartiality. The United States is an integral part of the world. Its security is bound up with a worldwide acceptance of the principles

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of law and justice. An announcement of impartiality between the law-abiding and law-breaking countries would be a direct encouragement to aggression. It would be a direct threat to our national security.

Only one bill before Congress is so framed as to place the United States indisputably on the side of law. That is the Thomas-Geyer resolution. Adopted as an amendment to the Pittman bill, it would make clear where America stands and thus do more to head off war than any other action the United States could take at this moment.

An Undo-Nothing Congress

MR. ROOSEVELT'S luck is still with him. When Congress convened in January, the outlook for the New Deal could hardly have been gloomier. The President had suffered a setback in the November elections. The Republicans had increased their representation in the Senate from 8 to 23 and in the House from 70 to 169. The country's apparent swing to the right had encouraged the anti-New Deal Democrats, and a coalition between them and the Republicans seemed easily achievable. The conservative press predicted that this would be "a revisionist Congress," and Chairman Martin of the Republican Congressional Committee announced in a radio address on the eve of the session that the days when Congress acted as a rubber stamp for the President were over. The Wagner Act, social security, the wage-and-hour law, relief, taxation, banking law, and securities regulation were all slated for a triumphant overhauling. Liberals began to admit privately that the New Deal was over, and to expect the worst.

Four months have passed, and nothing has happened. The complaints now rising from the great anti-New Deal organs that Congress is doing nothing, that the crisis abroad has distracted it from domestic problems, are to be read in the light of the opposition's ignominious failure. If Congress has done nothing, or very little, it has also undone nothing. The New Deal has so far escaped unscathed. "Four months have passed," Walter Lippmann writes, "and with the notable exception of the defense program, the Administration and Congress have not yet dealt with a single question of national importance. Not only is there no agreement on taxes, relief, deficits, public spending, there is not even a definition of what constitutes the disagreement." More candidly, Frank R. Kent says, "The high hopes of those who thought that with an independent Congress and a conservative trend the more glaring New Deal mistakes might be corrected, and the obvious steps to free business from hampering restrictions be taken, are now very wet indeed." And for those who hoped or feared that Mr.

Roosevelt had embarked on a program of appeasement, Mr. Kent continues, "This is due partly to the war atmosphere, which magnifies the wrong things and minimizes the right ones. But there are other reasons. The chief of these is that President Roosevelt cannot be brought to admit there are any mistakes that need correction." In its context, this is high praise.

The failure of this Congress to disembowel Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal is being blamed, by some fourth-dimensional logic, on Mr. Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt's own limited and immediate program is slowly but surely being achieved. In his opening message to Congress he made few recommendations, and these few are gradually being adopted. "With the exception of legislation to provide greater government efficiency [reorganization], and with the exception of legislation to ameliorate our railroad and other transportation problems, the past three Congresses have met in part or in whole the pressing needs of the new order of things." Reorganization has been effected, the new relief appropriation seems safe enough, a new \$838,000,000 farm bill has been passed by the House and is assured—despite economy talk—of passage in the Senate. The Wheeler-Truman railroad bill seems likewise headed for adoption. But the combined tory-A. F. of L. attack on the Wagner Act has bogged down in committee, and other plans to "amend" the New Deal out of existence seem as far from their goal as ever. The new Republican minority leader, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., ballyhooed as a master-strategist, was expected to work wonders in the House. He has signally failed to deliver the goods.

The great bombardment has fizzled out, and the New Deal can emerge from the cellar. The time seems to have come for counter-attack, and one of the first and most obvious tasks is to prevent the reactionaries from killing off the La Follette committee, which needs another \$100,000. No other New Deal agency has been so effective in keeping the right on the defensive. Continuation of its work would not only enable the committee to delve into sore spots as yet untouched, particularly in California, but would tend to keep business on its good behavior. And though the main outlines of the New Deal program have been written into law, much remains to be filled in. The housing program is still in doubt; poorer farmers have yet to obtain their fair share of farm relief; collective bargaining should be written into government contracts. What better answer to critics of the President's defense of democracy abroad than to turn more vigorously than ever to the widening of democracy at home? How often in the debates over the neutrality bill have we heard isolationists and apologists for the axis plead for attention to evils at home! Let Mr. Roosevelt test their sincerity by proposing further action to end conditions under which a third of the nation is still ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed.

Appointments South

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

TWO good appointments were announced last week. Robert Morss Lovett was named Government Secretary for the Virgin Islands and Norman Armour was made Ambassador to the Argentine.

The first pleases me particularly. Under the New Deal—and specifically under the direction of Ernest Gruening—the Virgin Islands administration has conducted a lively experiment in social reconstruction. The Islands, like many other virgins, are beautiful but poor. Their chief economic hopes lie in developing native handicrafts and turning native sugar into rum—and then in finding a market for both products. Mr. Lovett's predecessor, Robert Herrick, who died at St. Thomas in December, had helped to build up the cooperative organization of producers which markets hand-made wares in a fine store close by the landing stage at Charlotte Amalie. This enterprise has become much more than a selling agency. It has introduced high standards of workmanship and design, and the goods turned out by its members are styled deliberately to meet the demands of visiting Americans. What they lack in quaintness they more than make up in quality; and they still look like honest native products.

I happened to land at St. Thomas only a couple of weeks after Mr. Herrick's death, and I was met everywhere by the sorrowful assurance that he could "never be replaced." People had liked him, obviously, far better than they like the governor, Lawrence W. Cramer, and they felt a sense of acute personal loss. But if anybody can replace Robert Herrick successfully it is his old friend and former colleague at the University of Chicago. Robert Morss Lovett has a variety of qualifications for his new post. He is a reformer of long and excellent standing. He said to me the other day, "I suppose I like Oswald Villard's book partly because I'm cut out of the same piece of goods. I look at things the way he does." For a man like Mr. Lovett, who believes that government should be neither aloof nor repressive but an active agent of social progress, the experiments under way in the Islands must offer a most attractive challenge. In some directions he may do an even better job than Mr. Herrick, who in casual contacts seemed austere and even awe-inspiring. Mr. Lovett is a person of such warmth and sympathy that his success in the rather delicate personal relationships involved in his new position seems assured in advance.

The shift of Norman Armour from Santiago to Buenos Aires is gratifying for several reasons. Mr. Armour is a diplomat of long experience and a person of

distinction and charm. For all that, he didn't belong in Chile, where he has served as ambassador for the past two years. During the last few months Chile has experienced a revolution. It was accomplished at the polls and without violence, but it was a thoroughgoing overturn, just the same. The new government, supported by a liberal-left coalition of somewhat unstable composition, is trying to build up the wretched economy of the country and at the same time to repair the monstrous physical damage of the earthquake. This double-headed job calls for heavy expenditures, and the necessary funds can come ultimately only from the wealth of Chile, which is largely in the capacious pockets of American financial interests. The government has enacted a law levying export taxes on copper and nitrates and is hoping to float a loan in the United States. All its financial measures have had unyielding opposition from the right—from the political reactionaries who have the support of North American business interests.

When I met the new President, Pedro Aguirre Cerda, and several of his chief supporters just after his inauguration, I was told that none of these persons had previously met Mr. Armour. The ambassador and his wife—who was once a Russian princess—are a popular couple, and they entertain generously. But their Chilean friends are drawn from the small and superbly exclusive upper class, that lives, as Archibald MacLeish wrote in *Fortune*, "in an economic world so far removed from the world of wage-earners and farm laborers—and even from the world of the middle classes—that there is no communication between them except the communication of suspicion and hate on the one side and charity and fear on the other."

The supporters of the new government with whom I talked were much disturbed by their lack of contact with the embassy of the United States. They look to the New Deal as their model, and they count upon the Roosevelt Administration as their defense against both the old practices of Yanqui imperialism and the newer threat of fascist penetration. In Chile, if nowhere else on the continent, the United States should be represented by a democrat, by a person who understands the meaning of the popular front, who likes its leaders, who knows how to translate the Good Neighbor policy into honest collaboration with the government. An ideal successor to Norman Armour would be Claude Bowers, if he could be induced to take the job.

For Argentina, Mr. Armour seems a safe choice. Relations between that republic and the United States are strained, and several ticklish problems are waiting to be solved. But the country is rich, its government is strong and conservative, and the problems lie within traditional diplomatic boundaries, where Mr. Armour, by both temperament and experience, is equipped to do his best work.

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The Poles Are Ready

BY ALBERT VITON

IF CHAMBERLAIN and Halifax grasped the hand of Colonel Beck, Poland's dashing Foreign Minister, in the fond hope of leading him off on a new appeasement course, they may find themselves disappointed. Not that Beck and his clique would refuse to lend themselves to such a policy. Beck was engaged in building a diplomatic bridge from Warsaw to Berlin as long ago as 1934, and my conversations with various Polish politicians and foreign observers last December convinced me that his ardor for Berlin had not cooled. In his eagerly awaited speech of May 5 he pleaded for "a peaceful method of action" which would in effect satisfy Germany and at the same time save his own face. The hitch is that neither Beck nor Rydz-Smigly nor the ineffectual President Moscicki are all of Poland. Behind them stand thirty-odd million peasants, shopkeepers, soldiers, workers, and petty officials who are not likely to tolerate a sell-out. Unless their attention is diverted, they might even start the fireworks against orders.

The situation in Poland is more complicated than one would gather from newspaper reports. The men that came to power in 1926 under the wing of Pilsudski, and the feudal aristocracy that controls them, find themselves in a quandary. Beck's foreign policy, like that of his predecessor, Zeleski, has been dictated by the need to obtain international support for a reactionary internal system. Until now the essential features of domestic policy have been in harmony not only with legitimate national interests but with the aspirations of a propaganda-born "great-power" complex. That is no longer the case.

The gulf between rich and poor is extremely wide in Poland, and fear of a revolution is probably greater there than anywhere else. According to a comprehensive study made in 1933, 23 per cent of all workers receive wages of less than \$2 a week; 30 per cent get between \$2 and \$3.50. The cost of living is abnormally high. Housing conditions in industrial centers are among the worst in Europe. Unemployment is chronic. Progressive social laws have been placed on the statute books, but very few are enforced. A law of 1920, for example, declares that every city must provide a livelihood for all its inhabitants. Needless to say, this law has remained a dead letter. Since the various social-insurance funds have been administered by the state, they have become a liability rather than an asset to workers. The total annual consumption per head of the working population amounts to less than \$100.

Even worse is the state of the peasants. They live in

hovels not fit for pigs; large numbers have no work; almost 40 per cent are illiterate. The peasant's total consumption amounts to about \$44 a year. Rarely does he see any cash. To stimulate the use of matches, the government is putting out special boxes for the villages at a fraction of the price charged in cities. Usually peasants keep fires burning all the time to save on matches. No serious attempt has been made to raise the cultural or economic level of the medieval villages. Very little reclamation work has been executed; the quality of agricultural products is poor; land reform has been carried through at a snail's pace. In 1921 about 3 per cent of landlords owned no less than 44 per cent of the land. Since then about 15 per cent of the feudal estates have been broken up; no more.

These conditions have bred revolutionary movements which even a constant terror has not been able to crush. *Robotnik*, organ of the tolerated right-wing Socialists, said recently: "It is possible to eliminate puppets and fictions from political life, but since the dawn of history no one has succeeded in eliminating mass movements rooted in the heart of reality." The jails are filled with political prisoners, but strikes continue to be frequent occurrences. The stay-in strike was born in Poland, trade-union leaders told me; they called it the "Polish strike." What is even more important is that the peasantry is seething with discontent. In reply to peasant strikes which took the form of withholding food from the cities, the government clamped down last autumn a draconian law making such strikes treasonable offenses.

Another factor in the anxiety of the ruling clique is that almost a third of the inhabitants are not Poles; and a good part of them are kept within the state at the point of the bayonet. There are about five million Ukrainians, about three million Jews, close to two million Ruthenians, and also Germans, Czechs, Lithuanians. Instead of coming to terms with the minorities the regime has oscillated between bitter persecution and campaigns to Polonize them. The minorities treaty has been denounced. Economic enterprises have been forcibly removed from the hands of minority groups; civil liberties are denied to them. Cultural oppression has reduced the number of Ukrainian schools from 3,000 to 100, and Ukrainian political organizations, if not broken up, are watched with suspicion. Whole villages have been beaten up. I was present in Parliament when a Ukrainian deputy revealed that troops had been torturing peasants.

The blood bath instigated by Pilsudski in the Polish Ukraine a few years ago and the constant police terror

against other minorities have not stamped out the secret revolutionary organizations. In case of war some of those organizations would try to stab the government in the back; certainly in case of a war against Soviet Russia. Many of the minorities look to Russia for salvation. The Ukrainian peasants, their official spokesmen admit, would much prefer to join their brethren in the Soviet Union, with whom some organizations are said to be in close contact. Economic discontent and disgust with the frightful corruption and inefficiency in government offices have

made even the Polish workers and peasants look wistfully toward the Soviet Union.



Colonel Beck

Realizing that they are sitting on a volcano, the feudal aristocrats and the political chiefs have tried to overcome social discontent, first, by cultivating an exaggerated nationalism and anti-Semitism, and, second, by setting up a totalitarian state apparatus

powerful enough to crush all opposition. Not much need be said about the first. The regime has not ceased proclaiming that no economic reforms can be undertaken until at least two million Jews get out of the country. It has tried to convince the peasantry that their misery is not due to medieval methods of cultivation and feudal landlordism but to the presence of Jews. The exaggerated nationalism that has been cultivated has given the Poles territorial ambitions and an arrogance which ill becomes them.

More important is the swing toward totalitarianism. Constitutional changes during the past few years have increased the power of the Executive at the expense of Parliament. Elections have become a mockery. Trade-union meetings were broken up by the police during the Warsaw municipal elections last December, and the leaders were jailed. The Socialists and the followers of the Peasant Party boycott elections to Parliament. State control over economic enterprises has steadily expanded: about 60 per cent of all white-collar workers are employed by the government. The Supreme Army Council, which means Rydz-Smigly, has practically unlimited control over every phase of life. Only fear of popular indignation has kept the government from completing the totalitarian trend. The measure giving the Cabinet dictatorial power, which was submitted to the Sejm recently,

was discussed months ago, but the government has not dared to proceed with it until now.

It was to gain support for these internal policies that friendship with Hitler and Mussolini was cultivated. Warsaw saw visions of happy cooperation extending into the colonial field, for Poland too wants colonies. German and Italian lecturers came to point out the close affinity between Polish culture and the totalitarian spirit. No one in Warsaw suspects Russia of aggressive designs, but the trend away from France began when the latter moved closer to Russia. The ruling clique is mortally afraid of cooperation with Russia. They know that the whole apparatus for oppression and extortion would disintegrate as soon as Soviet soldiers set foot in the country.

It would be dangerous to assume even now that a break between Poland and the axis powers is inevitable. Beck has not slammed the door on negotiations with Hitler. He will undoubtedly make every effort to come to an amicable understanding with Germany—perhaps at the expense of a third country. The regime's ambition for more territory, especially Lithuania, is well known, and some barter arrangement may yet be carried through.

The great untested factor in the situation is public opinion. Will mass pressure be strong enough to prevent a sell-out? It should not be forgotten that ardent nationalism has been cultivated, and that the Poles are a very proud people. Also the Germans are more hated in Poland than in any other country. Memories of Prussian oppression are still vivid. Public opinion was overwhelmingly against passivity in the face of Nazi bullying even before the British guaranty. No man is more popular in Poland than Grazynski, who crushed the Germans in Silesia. The strong line recently taken by the press was inspired not by the Foreign Office but by public opinion. When news of the expulsion of Polish Jews from the Reich reached Warsaw, a succession of spontaneous demonstrations broke out, and so overwhelming was the outcry that Beck had to tell the German embassy that Poland would return in kind, and a round-up of prominent Germans was begun. Poles who waste no love on native Jews rushed to the aid of refugees from Germany.

"Colonel Beck may know what he is doing, but he cannot cede territory over our heads," a junior officer of the air force assured me. I heard the same words from hundreds of people. "We Poles are not Czechs," I heard on every side. Army officers with whom I discussed the occupation of the Sudetenland expressed amazement at the way Czech soldiers had obeyed orders and given up one position after another. "We could never get our soldiers to do that," they told me. "There would always be regiments which would start shooting without orders." It is difficult to foresee how much of this spirit would remain in a moment of crisis, but whenever I pointed out to Poles that if left unaided they could not prevent the Germans from overrunning their country in six weeks, they replied, "It is nobler to perish fighting."

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From Scripps to Howard

BY ROBERT BENDINER AND JAMES WECHSLER

I

LATE in the autumn of 1911, Lincoln Steffens and Clarence Darrow, worn out by their efforts in the turbulent McNamara case, fled to a private ranch near San Diego. The fate of the dynamiters was still unsettled, and both men tried to avoid the subject. So their host, Edward Wyllis Scripps, talked about his newspapers. He complained bitterly, Steffens later said, that the young men he hired were too easily corrupted. They were dazzled by their first glimpse of wealth and respectability, and they went back for more. "I get me bright boys from the classes that read my papers," Scripps lamented, "I give them the editorship and the management, with a part interest in the property, and in a year or so, as the profits begin to come in, they become conservative and I have to boot them back into their class."

Inevitably the conversation drifted back to the McNamaras, and Scripps drew out an essay he had written. It was a defense of labor's right to use any weapon in its arsenal—even dynamite. "We, the employers, have and use every other weapon," he had written, enumerating: the jobs to give or withhold, the capital to spend or not, the bar and the bench, the press to "state our case and suppress theirs," the governor and the legislature, the police and the militia.

Thirty years later the Scripps-Howard newspapers were to damn the Wagner Act on the ground that it made too many concessions to labor. The distance between Scripps's essay and the current crusade of the papers that still bear his name is a measure of the distance between Edward Scripps and Roy Howard.

When a liberal institution dies, the process is a dismal one; when the liberalism dies and the institution survives, the tragedy is prolonged and accentuated. Dread of this outcome shadowed Scripps's life; while he tried feverishly to avert it, and even spent years fashioning safeguards against it, he shrewdly visualized the pattern of decay. His worst fears are now being confirmed. Scripps published newspapers which were as journalistically colorful as they were editorially pugnacious, which viewed the world from the lowly side of the railroad tracks. Today the same newspapers are increasingly drab, spiritless, reconciled to the perspective of Park Avenue.

The chain's rise is a familiar adventure story. Scripps went to Cleveland with \$10,000 and an idea which rendered him immediately suspect among publishers. The \$10,000 was borrowed, and the idea was of a

newspaper dedicated to "95 per cent of the people"—since the other 5 per cent could take care of themselves. The date, 1878, is important because it was just a year after the railroad strike had been savagely crushed, when reaction against labor unions was visibly rising. It was a time for newspaper publishers to clamor for law and order and for the New York *Tribune* to urge that "the best meal that can be given to the regular tramp is a leaden one." Scripps obstinately sold his *Press* for a penny so that workingmen could afford to buy it; he dramatized its independence of "the interests" so that the dispossessed would want to read it; he printed unpleasant truths about respectable people, and advanced the heresy that an advertiser could do wrong.

It worked. If it was treason to the local aristocracy, it was nevertheless exceedingly profitable. In two separate partnerships and alone, Scripps soon invaded other areas. He was alternately hailed and derided for being "for labor unions right or wrong"; he was praised and pilloried for owning "the family papers of the workingman." By 1908 he owned part or controlling interest in twenty-one papers. In that year he decided to withdraw momentarily to inspect what he had done. "I like to play dead and watch the property I've built," he said.

What he saw both pleased and frightened him. He saw that his papers had established a line of communication with the anonymous and inarticulate masses. He saw that, almost alone among publishers, he could view the oligarchy to which he belonged with detachment, cynicism, and even contempt. But he also saw the frailty of his own editors, and the ease with which they were tempted to sell out. It was all right playing dead; if necessary you could return to "boot them back into their class." What would happen when you couldn't return?

Perhaps because of this anxiety about the future, his choice of lieutenants was in many ways uncanny, and the results were impressive. It was said that Scripps thought things and got other men to write them, that he dreamed things and got other men to do them. In 1905 he hired a young man named Roy Howard, a one-time Indianapolis newsboy. Scripps found good reason to rejoice over the selection. A host of legends surround their first meeting, most of them relating to the bizarre clothes the young man wore. But taste in apparel was the least vital element in the contrast. Scripps was well-born, physically immense, awkward; Howard, of humble parentage, diminutive, jaunty. Scripps was moody and introspective, Howard ebullient and extroverted. Scripps was primarily

an intellectual, voyaging in rough philosophical waters, engrossed in science and history; Howard was exclusively an activist, boasting that he only knew what he read in newspapers, distrustful of book-learning. Scripps was as contemptuous of man's stature as he was sympathetic toward men; Howard was awed by success stories and less sensitive to the sordid details. Scripps shunned men as rich as himself, and Howard longed to be a rich man. If they were alike in their essential self-confidence, their journalistic bravado, and their wealth of talents, the gulf between them was vast. Nevertheless, Howard worked loyally and with phenomenal success for the man who once said he had "gall written all over his face." Scripps became fond of him, too, just as many of his present associates, despising his sense of values, are attracted by his warmth and amiability.

When the Associated Press threatened to achieve a monopoly over news wire-service, Howard got his big chance. Scripps distrusted his fellow-publishers too much to tolerate such monopoly; he established the United Press and in 1912 made Howard, who had ably performed minor assignments, its general manager. For the U. P.'s ensuing triumph Howard was in great measure responsible, and when the issue of succession in the Scripps dynasty became acute, he was rewarded. In 1922 Scripps put him into partnership with his son Robert; the Scripps-McRae League became the Scripps-Howard Newspapers; and the chain's post-war boom was launched. Howard, the ex-newsboy, was now buying papers for keeps. From 1920 to 1931 the chain acquired ten papers and launched six more; from 1920 to 1928 its circulation soared from 800,000 to 2,500,000. And in all this activity Howard's power grew steadily.

The new organization's history, at least until 1928, glitters with brave crusades. In 1924 the Scripps-Howard papers defied their leading advertisers and supported Robert M. La Follette for President. They fought the Klan and revealed its links with big-shot politicians. They challenged prohibition in dry Knoxville as well as in wet New York. Advocating Soviet recognition, they were deaf to the epithet "Bolshevik." While the power trust was buying up press and politicians at bargain prices, they remained uniquely incorruptible. One of their most generous acts was the rescue of Carl Magee, a young New Mexico editor who had helped smash the Fall ring. When he was persecuted, slugged, and driven out of business, Bob Scripps ordered the purchase of his paper and restored him as editor. The chain took up the Mooney case and stubbornly refused to drop it. Seen through the eyes of George F. Babbitt, if all this was not revolution it was pretty close to it. Such militancy had its financial compensation, to be sure, but to E. W. Scripps that was a mean consideration.

In 1926 Old Man Scripps died on board his yacht and was buried at sea. His legacy seemed secure. Two

years later the chain supported Hoover for the Presidency, although half its local editors privately favored Smith. It was a prophetic move, demonstrating that Howard's word was becoming Scripps-Howard law. For twenty years E. W. Scripps had tutored his son Bob, grooming him to fill large shoes. But with the old man's death Bob, who had wanted to be a poet, withdrew more and more into a melancholy exile, allowing his partner to play regent for the dynasty. Last year Bob died, and the regent took over—throne, crown, and all.

There are those who contend that Howard's chief talent is his ability to detect upheavals in popular thinking before they become overt; others argue that his temperature faithfully reflects the fever chart of Wall Street. The first is the more charitable, the second the more plausible, explanation of the chain's broken-field running in the past decade.

Scripps-Howard's anti-Hoover period was redder than the rose. The man the chain had helped to elect in 1928 it now denounced for his refusal to "lend a hand" to the unemployed. It assailed Henry Ford for sneering at the jobless. It issued an insistent call for sweeping redistribution of wealth. This was ancient Scripps doctrine, the most continuous element in the chain's editorial history. "Do We Want Revolution?" the Scripps-Howard papers rhetorically inquired in 1931, warning that "free men will not starve in the midst of wealth." In a series of articles Bob Scripps inveighed against the "idiocy" of capitalist accumulation. From Washington came editorials assailing both old parties and applauding the progressive bloc for its emphasis on redistribution and planned economy.

The chain greeted Roosevelt's nomination half-heartedly, but once he was elected its enthusiasm for the change burned with a fierce bright flame that couldn't last. Under his own by-line in 1933 Howard acclaimed the "New Deal revolution," simultaneously warning against the "Bourbon diehards" who will attempt to "stigmatize" the new program as "socialistic." His papers bade "farewell to the Administration officials and political hangers-on who take most of their ideas from Wall Street." They flayed "government by money-changers" and made it clear that "President Roosevelt does not expect the bankers who got us into this mess to get us out." "Almost anything the government does will be an improvement on the old discredited system," the chain announced, lamenting that we "had grown flabby" and predicting that "we have learned—at least for a while."

The "while," in the case of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, was about four years. In 1933 they had rejoiced because "we have a leader"; by 1937 they were intimating pretty plainly that we could do better without him. In October of that year President Roosevelt held an unusual press conference. To the White House press corps he

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confided that he had just been visited by a New York "business man" bearing protests and suggestions. His chief protest, the President said, was against the rise in tax schedules; his immediate demand was for a balanced budget. When asked whether he had read the budget, the visitor had admitted he hadn't; asked to propose concrete reductions, he had stammered a good deal, then come to the point. Urging the President to put the unemployed on the dole, he prodded him to scrap such "silly public works" as the Grand Coulee, Fort Peck, and Bonneville dams. "When I suggested," Roosevelt told the reporters, "that this would bring hardship to millions of workers, he said, 'I have to pay high taxes. Federal taxes take half my income.'" The President added bitterly: "His income is \$400,000. After tax deductions, that means he has \$200,000 left on which to keep from going to the poorhouse." The "business man" was Roy Howard.

In a sense the turning-point had been reached before Howard's visit. In 1936 several important executives in the chain were known to favor Landon, but Howard either didn't want or dared not risk an open break with the President. By 1937 he was ready for it. In that year the papers which in 1933 had pleaded, "Give the President More Power," joined the war against the Supreme Court reorganization plan as a "dictatorial" maneuver. The terms of the President's court plan may reasonably be regarded as one of the most legitimately controversial aspects of the New Deal program, but the opposition from the Scripps-Howard papers proved to be merely the opening gun of a long-range offensive.

After the court fight the American press raised shrill voices against "spending" and for balancing the budget. A merciless attack was opened on the Wagner Act and the NLRB. The President's tax program and his "purge" of the Democratic Party provoked political death struggles. The witch-hunt against the C. I. O. gained ground: John L. Lewis was playfully linked with the Kremlin, and labor faced a solid reactionary front. The anti-WPA joke was becoming a good deal more serious, and "politics in WPA" a favorite smoke screen for the attack on federal relief. The whole national setting was not unlike that in which Scripps had founded his first paper—but his heirs were now drawn up on the other side of the firing line.

After his ill-starred invasion of the White House, Howard did his firing from a more discreet distance, but the volleys became heavier. His newspapers not only enlisted in the battle against the Wagner Act; the *World-Telegram* even fought against Senator Wagner's reelection. In the course of the "purge," with all good Republicans coming to the aid of the Democratic Party, the chain continually reproached the President for spurning conservative Democrats. To the anti-C. I. O. avalanche it contributed the Stolberg series, with its emphasis

on Communist activities among the followers of John L. Lewis—a series which Howard recognized, if Stolberg didn't, as a godsend to anti-C. I. O. tub-thumpers. To the general anti-red hysteria the New York *World-Telegram* contributed its silly foray against Simon Gerson, a Communist who was allegedly undermining capitalism in his humble role of assistant to Manhattan's borough president. But perhaps most brutal and disingenuous of all—and certainly most revealing—was the chain's attempt to "get" the WPA. Howard's advice to the President earlier in the year cast suspicion on the high-mindedness of the campaign, and the very intensity of the attack was disproportionate to the issue allegedly at stake, namely, "politics in the WPA." When the "exposé" began, *Newsweek* called it a "warmed-over version of charges which Republican newspapers have been making for months"; yet the *World-Telegram* ran black streamer headlines throughout the series, such as "WPA Vote-Buying Bared in Kentucky." So transparent was the campaign that *Newsweek* concluded that the series signaled the permanence of Scripps-Howard's "new policy." It was followed shortly thereafter by dark revelations concerning the menace of the New Deal's "propaganda machine." By the time the chain got round to condemning the government-reorganization bill as another phase of the Roosevelt dictatorship, there wasn't much occasion for surprise.

Scripps-Howard was not merely deviating occasionally from the New Deal line. If that had been the case, there would have been no ground even for raised eyebrows. What had happened was that the chain had become in effect a Republican institution subject to occasional moments of liberal heresy. From July 5 to November 12 last year its conversion was statistically tabulated. In that period the New York *World-Telegram*, its leading paper, published seventy-five editorials* bearing on important domestic issues. No fewer than sixty-one of these were unmistakably anti-New Deal. But contemporary Scripps-Howard editorials, written as many of them are by the same men who once wrote for Scripps, suffer from a double affliction. They are not merely conservative, adorned with vague liberal rhetoric; they are lifeless, written with no more gusto than a routine obituary.

Roy Howard once said that a newspaper inevitably mirrors the man who runs it. His recent dispatches from Europe, revealing more about Roy Howard than they do about that feverish continent, furnish fresh insight into the mind which shapes Scripps-Howard policy. They provide a self-portrait: the jaunty press lord, confidant of Lord Beaverbrook, raconteur of intimate political gossip. Howard could boast that he had been admitted to Europe's key chancelleries, but "taken in" might have been a more accurate expression. It was Howard's mis-

* Editorials on national subjects are written for the most part in Washington and appear in all papers of the chain.

fortune to embrace all the justifications for the Munich agreement just a few moments before Cliveden publicly reversed itself. As a result, some of his scoops were as "exclusive" as his 1918 flash on the false Armistice.

After a whirlwind tour lasting some five weeks and divided among five major European capitals, he displayed no hesitancy in cabling the "lowdown" on the state of nations and their military machines, as if he were a one-man Gallup poll. He reported solemnly that "the chances of rebirth and revival of Czechoslovakian democracy on a sounder foundation are better today than they would have been had the French and British last September challenged the Rome-Berlin axis." He quoted without comment the Nazi apology that in pre-Hitler Germany "the Jews were crowding the Germans out of the professions." He glibly announced that the Italian "masses" were sold on fascism, while the capitalists and intellectuals weren't. He begged the democracies to flirt with Mussolini, insisting that Il Duce would be delighted to abandon Berlin. He categorically announced that "Russia is an exploded hope . . . washed up as a factor in any immediate alliance against fascism."

Then just as Howard started for home, the Great Reversal took place. J. L. Garvin's hitherto pro-Nazi *Observer* embraced the Soviet Union, Chamberlain blew kisses in the direction of the Russian embassy, and Howard's dope on the U. S. S. R.—obtained, it is said,

from a staunch democrat named Bonnet—became painfully obsolete. So, too, it appeared, was his tip on Mussolini's quickening pro-democratic pulse. Needless to say, few newspapermen would challenge Howard's right to defend Munich or criticize the Red Army. They do challenge his resort to M. Bonnet and Lord Beaverbrook as impartial students of Russian affairs, and his apparent assumption that the truth about Europe is distributed in Foreign Offices.

Significantly enough, Howard's cables simultaneously deplored "intemperate talk in high places" in the United States and rejoiced that Roosevelt's blunt language was tending to curb Hitler. The two judgments are plainly contradictory; no more so, however, than Howard's final-paragraph eulogy of the New Deal which his newspapers have steadfastly condemned in the last two years. Doggedly Howard continues to propagate the legend that he is the New Deal's best, if most unappreciated, friend, and he recently even went to the length of rebuking Captain Patterson's *New York Daily News* for suggesting that he had turned sour on the Roosevelt program. If Howard doesn't honor his loyalty in the observance, he more than makes up for it in the breach.

[*Editorial censorship, changes in personnel, loss of prestige, and future prospects will be the burden of the concluding half of this article on the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, which will appear next week.*]

Spaniards in Exile

BY FRANCIS G. SMITH, JR.

Paris, April 22

TONIGHT in France, in eighty-four of its ninety departments, sleeping in rough barracks, in deserted factories, or in stalls formerly reserved for polo ponies, are 452,000 Spanish men, women, and children. They do not wish to return to Spain. France does not wish to keep them. Their present existence is precarious. Their future is even more uncertain. The Spanish war is over, yes, but the tragedy and the problems it brought linger on for all with eyes to see.

Of the 452,000 refugees, 270,000 are former Loyalist militiamen. They are still in concentration camps along the Pyrenees frontier—60,000 in Argelès-sur-Mer, 60,000 in St. Cyprien, 68,000 in Barcarès, the remainder in half a dozen smaller inclosures. Conditions in the camps are far better than in February, when holes dug in the sand were the only protection against wind and rain, when the men stood in line for hours every day, subject to the insolence and rubber hose of the Senegalese guards, to obtain a quarter of a loaf of bread. There was

no possible excuse for this misery, and the French knew it. But only one newspaper, *Ce Soir*, had the honesty to print the complete facts; the others spent their time protesting against those "who spread lies." Now there are barracks, rough but sturdy, sanitation facilities, and a supply of clear running water. The sick and wounded are receiving adequate medical treatment at six base hospitals. There is coffee for breakfast, and a thin meat soup and vegetables for lunch and dinner, not a nourishing diet for men deprived for months of solid food but a distinct improvement. With few exceptions the Senegalese have been removed. Near Pau, at Grus, there is a permanent camp for the Basques, 15,000 in number, with clean military barracks, excellent food, and sport facilities, and it is expected that in the coming months the other camps will gradually assume this shape. Lack of occupation for the refugees is now perhaps the greatest single danger.

The infamous agreement between Franco's representative, General Jordana, and Bonnet's emissary, Léon

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Bérard—so great a diplomatic defeat for France that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has not yet officially published it—calls for the return to Franco of all Republican Spain's gold and goods in France. The French are consequently forced to foot the bill for the camps. It is not a small one. The estimated cost per man per day runs from 7 to 15 francs, depending on the locality. The total bill, up to the end of this month, will probably reach 700,000,000 francs.

The French naturally hope that the militiamen will choose to return to Spain. They not only hope but believe that "when affairs are more settled in Spain" the soldiers will return en masse. But there is little ground for this optimism. Only 16,000 men in Barcarès have expressed a desire to cross the border again, and at present only 100 a day are leaving. Franco has asserted that his transportation facilities are overburdened and that he can take no more at a time. Those who have already returned have been shoved directly into another camp and not released until two "recommendations" from Nationalists of good standing have been received. These "vouchers" are not easy to obtain. Those in the camps know this full well.

Some 100,000 Spanish women and 80,000 children are scattered throughout France, with the largest concentration in the departments of Calvados, Orne, Corrèze, and Deux-Sèvres. According to the latest available figures, there are more than 1,500 camps or centers, with an average of 100 persons in each. Many children are separated from their mothers and do not know whether the latter are dead or alive. The Office Français pour les Réfugiés Espagnoles in Paris is trying desperately to bring families together, if only by letter. Many orphans, thin and frightened, their nerves worn by the horror of constant Italian bombings, are being placed in private homes throughout the nation. Their number is estimated at 10,000.

The camps vary greatly. One of the best is the Château de Terres Horas at Morlass, where fifty children and eight women are housed. Driven from Gerona in the last frightful hours of the war, they lost all their baggage in flight and arrived in France with nothing but the clothing on their backs. In this château, donated by its owner to the government, they have found at least temporary peace. Adequate clothing came from America at once. There are beds, and the straw mattresses are comfortable. There are blankets for all. The food consists of bread, potatoes, meat, beans and peas, sugar and salt. Thirty liters of milk are distributed every day. The children are physically fit. Once more they are smiling. Three hours every morning they go to school; in the afternoon they frolic under a hot southern sun. The mayor of Morlass, backed by the community, has given the children permission to leave the grounds and wander where they will. But to wander far one must have shoes. Only half the group possess them.

At Dax all is well, too, though the refugees, 138 in number, live in an ancient prison. All have beds, mattresses, and sheets. The children, vaccinated against all diseases, have slowly regained their former health. They suffer from a lack of school supplies, but have been taken to the motion pictures and the circus by the local priests. There is one luxury here unknown to most other centers—a hot shower.

A typically bad camp is that at Morcenx, halfway between Bordeaux and Bayonne, with 200 women and almost 400 children. A dilapidated cork factory and new wooden barracks serve as housing quarters. The factory is dirty and swarming with flies. The canvas-and-straw mattresses are packed tightly together. The surrounding ground is low and muddy.

It is no wonder that the primitive infirmary, consisting of a few wooden bunks and blankets, but no linen, is filled with cases of grippe and of a peculiarly virulent intestinal infection which has not been completely diagnosed. Even the well children are mentally depressed; present conditions appear to them little preferable to past horrors. Léon Brouste, the mayor, is doing the best he can to alleviate the suffering, but the community is poor and the funds at his disposal are inadequate. The camp needs beds and linen, medical and school supplies, shoes and dresses, all kinds of nourishing food.

At Beyères near Biarritz 500 women and children are sleeping in the pony stalls on either side of a former polo field. In many cases two and three persons are crowded into one bed. The same intestinal infection is prevalent, and six cases of typhoid fever have appeared. Hygienic conditions are shocking. Most of the women possess only the dress and coat on their back, stained and dirty. Scabies consequently is rife.

For these camps the French government contributes from 3 francs a day for children under five up to 15 francs a day for adults, a sum which the local communities have done their best to supplement with gifts of food and clothing. In each town a *comité d'accueil* has been formed, and where an avowedly fascist mayor is not at the helm, it has done excellent work. Yet, despite this aid, despite the help of Paris organizations, the needs are still shocking. Impartial, non-political groups which have made a careful survey of all camps report that 25 per cent of the children need beds, 50 per cent need blankets, 71 per cent need shoes, 60 per cent need clothes and underwear, 35 per cent need toothbrushes and paste, 10 per cent need soap and toilet articles, and 30 per cent need school supplies. The last-named need should not be overlooked. The acquisition of some means of distraction has turned many of these centers from a refined hell into a comparatively blissful heaven.

The French Red Cross, composed to a high degree of the "right people," is somewhat too proud of its work. It has spent more than 1,200,000 francs and distributed

18,000 shirts, 4,000 sheets, and 8,000 pairs of trousers, but even with the gift of 750,000 francs from American headquarters, its work has fallen far short of meeting pressing requirements.

L'Oeuvre and *Ce Soir* have raised more than 2,000,000 francs and have distributed it wisely. By far the best-organized and most efficient relief group, however, is the Office International pour l'Enfance, with Paris headquarters at 2 Place La Bruyère. Directed by a dynamic young American, Mme Noël Dreyfus, it has distributed 40,000 pounds of dried milk, 20,000 pounds of sugar, large quantities of chocolate, and figs and other dried fruits. Clothing and school supplies have been rushed into the provinces by its special trucks. Throughout the country it has set up *coins blancs* where children are supplied with milk at the cost of just 30 francs (less than \$1) per child per month. Now, with the assistance of the Union des Syndicats de la Région Parisienne, it is establishing a home for all the different Spanish groups in the Loire-Inférieure.

The average Frenchman feels that any criticism of the country's treatment of the refugees is unjustified. He maintains that the problem of feeding and caring for 450,000 persons is not an easy one, to be solved in three months' time. Even those most angered by the conditions admit that at a time of great danger, when the threat of war has made increasing demands on the nation's pocket-book, the government has shouldered the burden as well as could be expected of any government. They also admit that any criticism against France should at the same time be directed against Great Britain and the United States, which are responsible, to a greater and lesser degree, for the death of Republican Spain. Geography has made France pay the penalty of the mistakes of all. Also to be considered is the almost total lack of private charitable organizations.

The attitude of the right, however, has been indefensible. It has seized upon a few isolated incidents in the camps, unavoidable in any community of 60,000 wretched souls, to prove that Spaniards are not worthy of French "hospitality" and that not another sou should be spent. Its press has not bothered to print a factual account of any of the camps. It believes—many of its members, unfortunately, with utmost sincerity—that Franco is Spain's real savior and, despite all the recent evidence to the contrary, a friend of France as well. It is this feeling, shared to a large extent by the bureaucrats of the French Foreign Office, which may threaten the future well-being of the refugees. The French government insists that it will not force the Republicans to return to Spain against their will so long as they behave like "gentlemen." But it has no shadow of a plan for the future of these men, women, and children if they refuse to "be sensible" and leave of their own accord. If war should come the Foreign Legion would take many of the men, especially those from the

International Brigade, the discipline and spirit of whom made an impression on French officers at the border.

The help of a new organization and another country may yet pull the French at least halfway out of their present dilemma. The organization is the Servicio Evacuacion Refugiados Espanoles; the other country is Mexico. Headed by Pablo de Azcarate, former Spanish ambassador to London, and heartily supported by ex-Premier Juan Negrin and every political party and syndicate of Republican Spain, the Servicio has set itself the monumental task of sending across the Atlantic, in chartered ships, as many refugees as Mexico will accept. And at the present time Mexico has set no definite limit to its generosity. It wants most to obtain technicians and skilled workers, and it naturally reserves the right to reject those persons it believes undesirable. Most observers believe that with adequate funds at least half the refugees can be evacuated in the next few months.

Money is ever the problem. It is the problem of the 210 Americans now stranded at Havre. It is the problem of the 452,000 Spaniards. Some funds are available, private fortunes and government moneys on which M. Bonnet has not yet been able to lay his hands. But the organization sets the cost of a new life for every individual at \$400, the sum necessary for the passage and to guarantee that the individual will not become a public charge. It is expected that the first ships, carrying 10,000 persons, will sail on May 15 for the New World.

Interpretation

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT entered the Executive Office the other day, smiled at his assembled secretaries, and said, "Good morning!" That was all that he said—"Good morning!"

Now there was a time, in my simple-hearted innocence, when I would have taken that remark for just what it seemed to be—"Good morning!" and nothing more. But my days of innocence are over. I have been reading Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, to say nothing of a few others, and I am a considerably smarter fellow than I used to be. And although the President's "Good morning!" may carry not even the slightest connotation to the uninitiated, I should like to point out, as a trained observer, that this was perhaps the most significant statement Mr. Roosevelt has made since he entered the White House.

In the first place, exactly what did the President say? He said, "Good morning!" Not "Good afternoon!" or "Good evening!" mind you, but "Good morning!" And why did he specifically select morning, out of all the available periods of the day? Surely the reason is obvious.

Because it is in the morning that the sun rises. And *where* does the sun rise? In the east, of course. East is the Orient, east is Japan. And so the President's statement begins to take form and pattern.

Here for the first time we have definite proof that the Presidential mind is at last concerned definitely with the Japanese-Chinese situation. Plainly Mr. Roosevelt is taking this opportunity of stating his views on the Japanese aggression, but we must not hastily assume from this that he contemplates invoking the Neutrality Act. On the contrary, the President gives us definite indication that no such plan is in his mind. Witness his use of the word "good." Why this particular word? Because in his judgment the war in the Orient is progressing satisfactorily at the present time, from the standpoint of the democratic powers, and consequently he is disinclined to take any overt step. At the same time, however, he gives sharp warning to Japan that the situation is being closely watched.

Now let us go a step farther. With the European situation so acute, Mr. Roosevelt's statement obviously must be read with an eye to its effect on the totalitarian powers. In fact, it is to the totalitarian powers that the message is plainly addressed. Why? Let us consider a moment. We know that it is Mr. Roosevelt's custom to enter the Executive Office at nine o'clock in the morning, and it was at precisely that hour that the statement was made. But when it is nine o'clock in the morning in Washington it is two o'clock in the afternoon in France and England. In other words, lunch time. Again bearing in mind his use of the word "good," what is the President saying to France and England? Obviously he is telling them that they may continue to eat their lunch in peace, and that in the event of war this country may be counted upon for limitless food supplies.

But lunch has already been eaten in Germany and Italy. In Berlin it is three o'clock, in Italy four. The Germans, who are traditionally heavy eaters in the middle of the day, are going through a period of drowsiness. But in Italy it is an hour later, and the Italians are alert and keen-eyed.

Now the President's real plan begins to emerge. For is it not clear that his statement constitutes an invitation to the Italians to catch Germany napping, as it were, and to desert the axis while there is yet time? Obviously he does not set forth the full details of his plan in this message; it is put forth largely in the nature of a "feeler." But the ground has been broken for separating Germany from its ally, and in that forthcoming separation the President tells us that America will play a leading role.

On the domestic side the President's statement is no less pregnant with meaning. Again the question must be asked: Why does he select morning? Clearly it is not the big business man who is active in the morning: directors' meetings are customarily held at three or four o'clock in

the afternoon. No, the morning belongs to the farmer—it is the farmer who rises at dawn and starts upon his endless round of chores. So now we have renewed assurance from the President of his interest in agricultural legislation, and at the same time a definite intimation that big business must shift for itself. The period of appeasement is over.

Later: An additional statement made by the President late last evening gives evidence of a sharp change in foreign and domestic policy. Upon leaving his office for the day the President said, "Good night!" Obviously all of the foregoing must be read in the light of this new and sensational development.

Pocket Guide

HOW SWEET IS SUGAR?

CORN sugar is wholesome, but it isn't as sweet as cane or beet sugar. So when you're buying corn sugar you want to know it. And that is the point of the hearings being held in Washington by the Food and Drug Administration. As things are now, canners who use corn sugar must say so on their labels. The Corn Products Company, naturally enough, doesn't like that a bit, and for fifty years has been trying to change it. A few weeks ago it turned up in Washington with all kinds of expert witnesses—advertising agents, doctors, and customers. The doctors said that corn sugar was wholesome but admitted under cross-examination that the customer has a right to know what he is getting. Now further hearings are being held, this time at the request of the beet and cane-sugar people. On the first day the results of a Gallup poll on the question were brought up. The poll was of 461 users of canned peaches. Here is the substance of some of the questions and answers in the poll:

Do you know that sugar is used in canning peaches? Yes, 96 per cent.

Do you understand "sugar" to mean either cane or beet sugar? Yes, 75.1 per cent; no, 18.8; don't know, 6.1.

If dextrose (corn sugar) is used, do you think it should be declared on the can? Don't care, 15.6 per cent; yes, 65.6; no, 16.2; don't know, 2.6.

If commercial glucose (corn syrup) is used, should it be declared? Don't care, 15.2 per cent; yes, 67.9; no, 16.9.

The interesting thing is that though the corn-sugar people have been trying for fifty years to get their stuff substituted without a specification on the label, it is the first time the actual buyer who pays for and eats the canned goods has been given a chance to express an opinion.

SPRING CLEARANCE SALES

Announcements of spring sales are splashed all over the newspapers these days. Men are as fascinated by them as are women. Some young men tell me they buy all their clothes at sales. How good are they?

In the trade a department store is awkwardly known as "promotional" or "non-promotional." In New York, Gimbel's and Saks Fifth Avenue are owned by the same people,

but one is promotional, the other not. The promotional store makes its way by constantly shouting about bargains, special sales, and novelties. The non-promotional store bases its drive on style and its reputation. The division is a rough one. Each sometimes uses the technique of the other.

The non-promotional store is likely to sell higher-priced goods than the other. This may make you think that you get less for your money. That is usually not true. You get just about what you pay for. If one store advertises a special line of gloves for \$1 and another charges \$2.50 or even \$5, it is probable that the dollar glove is worth just about a dollar. We all have to buy according to our pocket-books, and the thinner the pocket-book the more "bargains" we've got to pick up and the less satisfactory they're likely to be.

In a promotional store sales are continuous. When an ad writer in such a store gets ready to cram selling words into the allotted spaces, the buyer may say, "Here, you can say this was reduced from \$29.50 to \$15.75. And look, dear, think up a good plausible reason for it, will you?" Such sale goods may have been picked up as a job lot from a hard-up manufacturer. Or they may be stock that has to be cleared away before inventory. Or they may be what the trade calls a "loss leader," a real cut price to get traffic into the store. In end-of-season sales all these things are thrown together—real reduced-price goods from the stockroom and left-overs from last year, or the year before. Even reputable stores often throw in a lot of poor stuff for the sales. Some of it is stuff left on the manufacturer's hands. He sends it to the store on consignment just for the sale. If it's unsold he takes it back. Such stuff is no bargain at any price. Sometimes the original price is actually raised instead of lowered.

But there are some bargains in the end-of-season sales—and better ones in a non-promotional store than in the other kind. More are to be found in very small or very large sizes than in the average sizes. If the spring is very cold, especially up to Easter, the price cuts come sooner, and there are more of them. At this time of year you can find many genuine reductions on fur coats, also on men's overcoats. But you've got to know how to shop. You've got to know goods and fabrics and values. Otherwise it's cheaper to go in and ask for what you want on quiet non-sale days.

Wanamaker has abandoned sales altogether and claims that everybody is better satisfied.

THE GOVERNMENT SEIZES MARMOLA

Marmola is a reducing medicine based on thyroid extract. Thyroid shouldn't be taken without basal-metabolism tests. Some fat people don't know that and some prefer to ignore it. Besides the thyroid extract, Marmola contains among other ingredients strong cathartics. The Federal Trade Commission issued a complaint against it in 1928, but the courts saved it that time. Now at last, thanks to the new Food and Drugs Act, Marmola has come up against a tougher obstacle. Under Section 502 of that law the Food and Drug Administration has seized sixty-one packages of Marmola in Madison, Wisconsin, as a drug dangerous to health in the dosage prescribed on the label. The law is a good one as far as it goes, provided it can be saved from the amendments that manufacturers are so generously offering.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

WHEN CORDELL HULL returned from the Lima conference, he pooh-poohed John W. White's dispatch to the *New York Times* describing wholesale censorship and espionage by Peruvian officials. Hull insisted that nearly everything had been sweetness and light. Now a veteran correspondent in South America not only confirms White but says privately that the source of White's information was Cordell Hull.

ON MAY DAY in New York representatives of the Dies committee held a hearing in a hotel room overlooking the parade route. The chief investigator was J. B. Matthews, ex-radical now working as a committee "expert." As the marchers went by, the band played the "Workers' Funeral March," and one of the left-wing witnesses being interviewed asked Matthews if the parade didn't remind him of his own past. "Oh, it is May Day, isn't it?" said Mr. Matthews.

WHEN NAZI troops invaded Czechoslovakia they brought with them posters, printed in both German and Czech, announcing what wonderful things were ahead. There was one slip-up in the well-prepared coup, reports a London journalist: the posters brought to the Czech town of Slany were printed in German—and Rumanian.

THE BUNDLES of office copies distributed in the plants of Hearst's *Chicago American* and *Herald-Examiner*, where the Newspaper Guild is on strike, carry a new stamp. They are marked: "Office copies. Not to be sold or criticized."

JAY FRANKLIN in his syndicated column referred recently to an unnamed "Republican newspaper" whose Washington correspondent had resigned because he wouldn't editorialize his copy. It is said in Washington that the man was A. L. Warner and the paper the *New York Herald Tribune*. Among other offenses, Warner refused to call the Child Labor Amendment the "youth-control" amendment.

OPTIMISM NOTE: The Yankton (South Dakota) College newspaper advertised Sylvia Sidney in "One Fourth of the Nation."

A DISPUTE is going on inside Consumers' Union reminiscent of the Lawyers' Guild row; the Union's affiliation with the League for Peace and Democracy is one of the issues. . . . H. N. Brailsford, author and journalist, has asked the national executive committee of the British Labor Party to expel him for committing the same "crimes" as Stafford Cripps and his group. . . . Middlebury College has requested Professor Robert Davis, who has been writing pro-Franco dispatches for the *New York Herald Tribune*, to omit the college's name from his by-line. . . . G-men are quietly interviewing subscribers to William Pelley's fascist *Liberation*.

IN ITALY people are beginning to grumble that things were better under Mussolini.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WRITING in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, Henry Mencken gives it as his opinion that Franklin Roosevelt will beat Hitler and Mussolini in the debate now going on because he knows just how to frighten the American people into letting him have his way with them, which Mr. Mencken thinks will be to put the United States into war, all in the pursuit of a third term. I was struck by this because I have invariably been asked, after the addresses which I have been delivering in the Middle and Far West, whether we should not connect President Roosevelt's activities against the dictators with the third-term issue. I have replied that I did not think the President would be a candidate for a third term if we stayed at peace and that I did not think he would consciously put us into war, but that I believed any man in his position, with his domestic policies faring so badly, must subconsciously be aware that it was a bit of luck to be able to excite his fellow-citizens about events abroad. I very much fear that if war comes abroad, whether we are in it or not, he will be able to obtain the renomination some of his ardent followers seek for him. Of course, if we should get into the war, that mischievous statement of Abraham Lincoln's about not swapping horses when crossing a stream would be worked overtime. I myself can conceive of no situation in which we should violate the third-term tradition, especially in these times when we too are in danger of a dictator because of the New Deal's inability to heal our ills and put our ten million unemployed to work.

None the less, however Mr. Mencken may feel, I am unfeignedly glad that the President sent that remarkable appeal to Hitler. It is of course far in the background now, but I think I owe it to the readers of this page to let them know that I rank that appeal of Roosevelt's as one of the very greatest of our diplomatic documents. I should not alter this judgment even if it could be proved that Mencken was right and that the President's motive was partly a selfish one. I know that the letter did accomplish a great deal. It gave us a breathing spell, if only for a couple of weeks. It made Hitler answer in public before the whole world. He made that public answer partly because in his conceit he thought he could convince multitudes of listeners that he was right. He did more than that, however. He put himself under the world's microscope and made millions scrutinize his words who otherwise would not have done so.

It may be that there will be war in Poland before these

lines are read. I cannot believe it now, for I think the President was partly correct when he said that Hitler had left the door one inch open. I think he left two doors open. I think that Hitler's suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt lay his disarmament proposal before the other nations first had within it a hint that if that were done Hitler would cooperate. Perhaps this is only a faint chance, but the world is so rapidly approaching ruin through the armament race that I think the President should try appealing again to the so-called democratic states in Europe for a disarmament conference, in the hope that something may be accomplished.

The other door was the one opened by Hitler when he said he agreed with Mr. Roosevelt that trade ought to be made free in the world and he hoped the President would start the reform in this country. That was a clever jibe, since we have been for many years the worst offender in blocking world trade by our high tariffs. But I don't want to take time today to labor this point—only to say again that I wish the President would go on debating with Hitler and Mussolini publicly, whatever his motive. For it seems to me that, thanks to the radio, we are moving far toward "open covenants openly arrived at." We are witnessing a wonderful international exchange of views under the eyes of multitudes. The corresponding millions in 1914 were utterly unconscious of what was brewing. Today people are following events with breathless anxiety. In Santa Barbara an extremely well-informed man, when asked if people out on the Pacific Coast were as concerned as those in the East, replied, "There is nothing else being talked about out here."

During the crisis of last September the whole world listened in on what was happening. For a few days the European situation took precedence in England and the United States over football, horse racing, and golf. If the President replies to Hitler over the radio, he will again focus public opinion upon this awful situation—awful if only because it is so nerve-racking that it does not seem as if any of the alleged statesmen of the world could stand the strain much longer without cracking. Again, I think that this public international debating must have a good effect on the dictators themselves. It must make them feel more responsible, more conscious that they are in the open. I think that when the history of this period is written it will be found that there is much less secret skulduggery going on behind the scenes now than there was in 1914.

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE FETISHISM OF POWER

BY SIDNEY HOOK

NOT so many years ago the conquest of power was the central theme of all left-wing social theory oriented to political activity. Today, in the light of the consequences of totalitarian rule, concern with power is primarily with its abuses, its destruction of life and corruption of the spirit. The naivete of the messianic reformer has given way to weary skepticism. The Young Davids of radicalism seem to have laid aside their slings for the Book of Ecclesiastes—or for a safe berth with the New Deal. For most of the disillusioned the main political task is conceived as preventing fascism from coming to power, not by winning power for socialism, but by strengthening liberal capitalism. Suspicion of the excesses of all power makes easier the acceptance of the customary abuses of existing power.

This new attitude toward power is revealed more in moods than in explicit argument, though theoretical formulations have not been lacking. But it is to books of an earlier day that we must turn to find the weightiest critiques of political power. Mosca, Pareto, Michels, writing in an age when optimism was as general as pessimism is today, raised all the crucial problems which have now come to the fore. They fortified their conclusions on the nature of political power with a mass of historical material and a nicety of analysis which commands respect even when it does not elicit agreement.

The translation into English of Gaetano Mosca's "The Ruling Classes"* offers an opportunity to evaluate both the strength and the weakness of this recurrent philosophy of political power. Like most doctrines that catch hold easily, the basic thesis is simple and recommends itself with a high initial plausibility to anyone who has had some political experience. It asserts that political power never rests upon the consent of the majority, that irrespective of ideologies or leading personalities all political rule is a process, now peaceful now coercive, by which a minority gratifies its own interests in a situation where not all interests can receive equal consideration. As Mosca himself puts it: "Political power always has been, and always will be, exercised by organized minorities, which have had, and will have, the means, varying as the times vary, to impose their supremacy on the multitudes." In peaceful times, the means are public myths

and secret frauds; in crisis—force. Whichever side wins, the masses who have fought, bled, and starved are made the goat. Their saviors become their rulers under the prestige of new myths. The forms change, but the essential content remains. This is put forth as a "law" of all social life which can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone except the dull, the pious, and candidates for political leadership. It is a law accepted by every political partisan as obviously true for other organizations but as a slander when applied to his own.

The reactions to this position in recent discussion have been astonishing. They tend to confirm some corollaries Mosca has drawn from his thesis about the distribution of political intelligence. One group does not argue the truth of the theory on the evidence but asserts that since its acceptance makes for defeatism it must be wrong. Another group applauds Mosca's theory or some variant of it and deduces therefrom the comforting view that revolutions are never justified; this despite Mosca's contention that revolutions do not depend upon any theory of political power. Some contest the truth of his findings on the nature of political power because on some other unrelated points he is clearly mistaken. The most sophisticated opponents of the thesis first state it in such a way as to suggest that according to it all power is necessarily evil and should never be employed. They then have little difficulty in showing that this leads to a *reductio ad absurdum*, for men must act, and this involves a choice between alternatives all of which demand implementation by some power.

In the interests of clear analysis we must distinguish between Mosca's descriptive generalizations of the actual uses and abuses of political power in the past and present, and the theoretical explanation he offers of them. As descriptive generalizations, Mosca's conclusions are valid, once differences in the form of political rule have been properly noted. It is true that every political organization is in effect run by a minority. It is true that vital illusions, chicanery, and naked force have been three important props of all political rule. It is true that every successful mass movement—even with a democratic ideology—has compromised some of its basic principles, on occasions all of them. The history of Christianity, of German Social Democracy, of the Russian Communist Party indicates in a dramatic and focal way all this and more. But in explain-

*McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$4.50. The first edition of the original appeared almost forty-five years ago.

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ing these phenomena and in predicting that the future must always be like the past Mosca falls back upon a psychological theory of human nature considered independently of its social context. Almost every one of his explanations and predictions involves an appeal to an original nature conceived as essentially unalterable despite its varying expressions. Mosca's antiquated terminology can be brought up to date by translation into the language of dynamic psychology or psychoanalysis. But the controlling assumptions are the same no matter what the terms. The laws of political power are frankly characterized as psychological. They flow from fixed and unchangeable elements in the nature of men. Mosca has no hesitation in sometimes referring to them as "wicked instincts." It is from this conception of original sin that Mosca's dire prophecies flow.

The fact that the argument from human nature must be invoked to support the thesis is *prima facie* evidence that the entire position is unhistorical. Everything Mosca says may be granted except when he speaks in the future tense; for the genuine problems of power are always specific, are always rooted in the concrete needs of a particular people at a determinate time. Any conclusion based on his findings about the futility of social change and struggle is therefore a non-sequitur; it betrays political animus, and if grounded at all, is derived from other considerations. The belief that there is an invariant core of properties which constitutes the "essential" character of human nature rests on gross data drawn from history and on a faulty technique of definition. Habits, traditions, and institutions play a much more important role in political behavior, and are more reliable in predicting the future, than any set of native impulses. By isolating the latter from their objective cultural setting, selecting from among them an alleged impulse to dominate, fight, love, or flee, the pattern of human nature can be cut to suit any current political myth.

Despite the fact that Mosca's "laws," when presented in psychological dress, have no empirical warrant, they can be reformulated so as to bear relevantly on particular situations in which intelligent choice between different modes of power is possible. They then function as "cautions" or "guides" to possible dangers that attend transference of power from one group to another. The task then becomes one of devising safeguards—an occasion for experiment not for lamentation. And most safeguards do not make accidents impossible; they make them less frequent. Sufficient evidence has been assembled which indicates the probable sources of future corruption and oppression. It would require a treatise to explore this theme, but in a preliminary way we can indicate the spheres of social life in which conflicts will arise, necessitating safeguards against oppression.

The first sphere of conflict and possible oppression is obviously economic. Most socialists grant this readily

enough for the past but deny that it holds for collectivist society. Yet it is apparent that under no system operated by finite creatures in a finite world can all men be equally served in everything and, what is just as important, equally served at once. That there will probably be some differences in standards of living, no matter what the level of productive forces, none but a utopian will deny. But there are differences and differences. Conflicts there will be, but their kind, generality, and intensity will depend upon the specific mechanisms adopted to reflect and negotiate the interests of different groups of producers and consumers. Socialists have always asserted that there is no genuine political democracy without economic democracy. In a collectivist economy the converse is even more emphatically the case.

The second sphere of possible abuse of authority is administrative. Every administrator intrusted with responsibility for making decisions that may affect the jobs, pleasures, and life careers of other human beings may function as a tyrant. The greater the area of administration, the greater the danger. Especially when efficiency is the goal is it easy to palm off injustice as a necessary evil. Here too the situation is one that must be met, for better or for worse, by contriving checks and reviews with a maximum of publicity.

Finally there is the undeniable fact that many people love the exercise of power. For some it is a compensation for frustration; for others it is a way of acquiring prestige, glory, a sense of vitality or importance; for almost everybody it is a temptation to prefer those we like and to overlook those we despise. Everyone has his own list of people whose absence he thinks would be a boon to the world. But what follows from all this? Nothing that need dismay anyone who is not a saint or a fool. Here as everywhere else, once we surrender the dogmas of an unalterable human nature or inevitable laws of organizational progress or corruption, we can do something to mitigate and counteract, and to establish moral equivalents.

Whether we are talking of pain or injustice or power, there is no such thing as *the* problem of evil except to a supernaturalist. There are only evils. The more we know about the pathological lust for power, the conditions under which it thrives, the instruments it uses, the myths behind which it hides—and the more public we make that knowledge—the better can we cope with the problem of taming it. Skepticism is always in order; but no more than in science need it lead to paralysis of activity. More knowledge is always desirable, but we know enough to make at least a beginning. And if we are interested in democratic socialism, by keeping our eyes on both Germany and Russia we certainly know what to avoid. Despite the swelling chorus of disillusion there still remain alternatives to the insanity of uncontrolled myth and the inhumanity of uncontrolled power.

Notes by the Way

A MESSENGER boy was responsible for the fact that some *Nation* subscribers received the copy of April 29 later than usual. His name is unknown to me and his story, unlike the tale of the message to Garcia, is not an example to youth, yet he emerges as a curiously affecting figure. He left *The Nation* office at seven of a Monday evening, carrying in a brown manila envelope copy for six editorial pages of America's Leading Liberal Weekly. In those six pages the President and Congress of the United States were told how to end the menace of fascism, Short of War, abroad, and how to End Child Labor Now, at home; they gleamed with editorial flashlights showing the way out of half a dozen world problems. But to the boy, the unsuspecting carrier of light, his precious burden was only an envelope that had to be delivered to a press in the depths of Brooklyn.

To make a long story short, the carrier got lost. How long he wandered in the labyrinth of subways we shall never know. But at last he made for home, envelope and all. The next morning he was, presumably, confronted with two duties—the package and school. He must have been pretty sick of the package by then; he may have dreamed about it. He must also have felt the need to do something familiar and sure. So he and the package went to school, where, I trust, they arrived on time.

It was 1:30 p. m. on Tuesday when he finally completed the journey he had begun at 7 p. m. on Monday. *The Nation* went to press late and the boy probably got sacked. End Child Labor Now, you will remember, was the title of one of the editorials he carried. Fable for Our Time was the title of another; and the boy in his way created another fable for our time—of a messenger carrying all the answers but hopelessly lost underground. Well, not quite all the answers, for even if he had looked he would not have found in his package a single line to solve the only problem that concerned him at the moment—how to get from where he was to the place where he ought to go.

I SUPPOSE no one would deny that social significance has won its way among intellectuals. The only literature of escape that has any standing these days is that which relates "How I escaped . . ." from Totalitaria. The old-fashioned I. of e. is in the doghouse, and though a large section of the reading public is in the doghouse with it, the self-conscious intellectual is constrained to curl up with a good dismal book on the hopelessness of it all—which is made even more dismal by that inevitable note of hope in the last paragraph. By that time he feels so much like Laocoon that one note of hope will not unwind a single coil.

A few years ago frivolous intellectuals contributed to the literary reviews lists of great books they had never read. It seemed pretty silly at the time; I couldn't help feeling, for instance, that H. L. Mencken would have suffered no harm if he *had* read Dante. This year the only series at all comparable is the one appearing in the *New Republic*; its title is Books That Have Changed Our Minds, which suggests a prodigious grinding of gears on a ceaseless journey up the mountain of social significance.

I am all for the social conscience—though it has become

so fashionable that the place is flooded with cheap copies—and I have read my share of "significant" books, but I think the time has come to say a word for books that let you go to sleep at night if only to give the social conscience a rest so that it can go to work again the next morning. Liminal is not enough.

The detective story is the old stand-by of intellectuals, and in spite of changing fashions in what the well-turned-in intellectual will read, the output of that particular soporific has not, so far as I know, decreased. But it happens that detective stories have the same effect on me as a history of the Third International. The story is told of Bjorn Bjornsen that on one of his lecture tours he found himself in a hotel room decorated with a very realistic picture of a terrible shipwreck, complete with brave captain, women with babies, and lifeboats spilling their burdens into the sea. He could not sleep for thinking of the victims. At last he rose and tacked on the picture a slip of paper on which he had written, "All were saved." Having resolved the situation, the novelist went to sleep. By that test *Saturday Evening Post* fiction should be the perfect bromide. But the happy bourgeois endings and the slick writing of that opiate of the people induces in me only a profound melancholy and a sense of insecurity that makes me slip the second latch on the door and lie wide-eyed until daybreak.

As far as I'm concerned, what this generation needs is more good books about deserts. The image of a Bedouin's beryt in the center of a *Khala* stretching to the horizon in every direction is to me so soothing that after half an hour even an extra announcing the next war would be powerless to disturb the peace. The knot of sensation loosens, the nerves unwind, the mind spreads out over the sands, and nothing is heard but a tent side—or is it a window-shade?—flapping in the wind. "Arabia Deserta" is, of course, the perfect book about the desert. It *is* the desert. But one comes eventually to the end, and if one allows a decent interval between rereadings, supplements are necessary. The current season has yielded at least one. It is "The Unveiling of Timbuctoo," by Galbraith Welch (William Morrow and Company, \$3.50), and it tells the story of René Caillé, who more than a hundred years ago won the distinction of being the first white man to come back alive from the city which is still the symbol of inaccessibility. Caillé went alone from the Guinea coast to Tangier, disguised as a Moslem. He would have been murdered instantly if his masquerade had been discovered; with that in mind he had studied the part so well that he never betrayed himself though he spent seventeen months in a land of fanatics. He came out wasted and half-starved after a journey of 3,150 miles which would still seem incredible if it were not for the existence of documentary proofs, including his day-by-day diary which is the basis of this book.

The only trouble with Caillé's story is that it fills only 351 pages. One traverses in half an hour a stage of the journey that took Caillé two months. The 1,313 pages of Doughty (in the one-volume edition published some years ago by Random House) are better proportioned to the tale he has to tell. And "Arabia Deserta" has another distinction which, for instance, T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt" lacks. Lawrence's personality is so colorful and so involved with the problems of the age that it overpowers the subtle, colorless

Propaganda Analysis

A Bulletin to Help the Intelligent Citizen Detect and Analyze Propaganda

INSTITUTE FOR PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS, INC.

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Number 4

The Attack on Democracy

TO AMERICA'S would-be dictators, *Mein Kampf* is Horatio Alger, Jr., streamlined. Mr. Alger's hero didn't smoke or swear or drink, he saved his money, loved his mother, and rose from rags to riches, Q. E. D. The hero of *Mein Kampf* shrieked "Jew!" and "Communist!", and he, too, rose from rags to riches — from poverty-stricken housepainter to Chancellor of Germany. There is the moral, for demagogues like William Dudley Pelley, George W. Christians, Gerald Winrod, and George Deatherage to see: cry "Jew!" and "Communist!", shout "Jew!" and "Communist!" You, too, can be dictator.¹

Today in the United States there are some 800 organizations that could be called pro-fascist or pro-Nazi. Some flaunt the word "Fascist" in their name, or use the swastika as their insignia. Others — the great majority — talk blithely of democracy, or "Constitutional Democracy," but work hand in glove with the outspokenly-fascist groups and distribute their literature. All sing the same tune — words and music by Adolf Hitler, orchestration by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, the powerful Reichsminister of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda. That song bewitched the German people, as the song of the Lorelei bewitched the mariners of antiquity; it lured them headlong onto the reefs of fascism. It can be sung with variations, but always the refrain is "Jew!" and "Communist!"

¹ In the interests of readability, footnotes have been

The story of Gerald Winrod, praised by James True as "the Jayhawk Nazi," is typical. In the days when evolution was hitting the front pages, Dr. Winrod stalked through Kansas and, indeed, the whole mid-west, decrying evolution. Later, when anti-evolution sentiment waned, he jumped on the anti-Catholic bandwagon and became an outspoken Pope-baiter. However, Pope-baiting likewise became passé, so Dr. Winrod learned the Nazi

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shades of the sands of Arabia. Doughty has set down without obstruction the spreading majesty of the desert, the sordidness of its towns, the dessicated lives and bodies of its nomads. The Nasrany, a physical weakling, who half a century and more ago took pot-luck for two years in the nomad tents, never denying his religion or his nationality and therefore often running the risk of death, has become a legend in Arabia. Lawrence, in his introduction to the edition I mention, says that Arabs in the desert spoke to him of the "Engleysy" Doughty, whom their grandfathers had known. And he is the hero of every writer of books about Arabia except Doughty.

AN eight-year-old asked me recently, "Doesn't that radio man ever have any lunch?" Judging from the oozing richness of his voice that radio man must live on butter. What he says suggests a much leaner diet. "The sensational . . . no-aerial portable radio," he said the last time I listened—and the voice as usual was portentous with promise—"has no aerial."

MARGARET MARSHALL

Joys and Glooms

DEMOCRACY WORKS. By Arthur Garfield Hays. Random House. \$3.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS'S engaging mélange of facts, figures, and cracker-barrel philosophy is illustrated by pictorial statistics borrowed from several sources. These statistics serve their purpose very well indeed, but it is a crying shame that the book could not have been turned over for additional embellishment to the late T. E. Powers, creator of the little comic-strip characters known as the Joys and the Glooms. When Mr. Hays is figuratively addressing his Socialist friends, the Joys take complete possession of his soul; he is, on such occasions, a somewhat ostentatious partisan of the capitalist system as it rocks and staggers along under democratic procedures. But when Mr. Hays is confronted by his capitalist friends, the Glooms march in and the Joys scamper for cover. The Glooms bring with them all the argumentative ammunition which Mr. Hays has just finished denying to Norman Thomas and Earl Browder—but Mr. Hays has no compunctions about using this ammunition on the more plush-bottomed of his acquaintances. The result, in "Democracy Works," is a sort of dialectical seesaw that makes for confusion. But the confusion is purely verbal; once it is granted that human nature abhors a "pure" system, Mr. Hays's championship of a mixed economy that is part free capitalism and part public "interventionism" seems very logical indeed.

With a bow to T. E. Powers, the contents of "Democracy Works" might be summarized this way: the American Socialist r-r-revolution, with its inevitable guardian, the Tyrant State, is still a long way off, and maybe it is never coming (the Joys do a frenzied dance). Meanwhile any number of methods work to ameliorate the situation: the cooperative movement is slowly growing, the government is committed to pump-priming and providing jobs for the luckless, the TVA is here to stay, labor unions help to keep wages up and daily work-hours down—and (watch those Joys go into a mass

ballet!) freedom and liberty dwell in the interstices of our gloriously mixed-up hybrid economy. There is, of course, the danger that a system of economic checks and balances will fail to increase production as the population grows, in which case capitalism will become rigid and the Hagues, Girdlers, and Weirs (Gloom, Gloom) will wax increasingly vociferous in defense of the "American way" of clubbing the "outside agitator." Fascism lurks up this street (the last Joy is now in hiding, and Glooms are swarming all over the lot, showing their teeth in terrible grimaces). But (one little Joy peeps out from behind a rock) technological unemployment doesn't last forever; prices come down eventually, and the unemployed begin to go back to work. (Didn't Robert Owen anticipate the most dire predictions of the Technocrats way back in 1817?) And, anyway, the government, which now spends each year an amount equal to one-third of the national income, is committed to the "socialization" of consumption (all the Joys are now out of hiding, and the Glooms have retreated to Jersey City). The only thing to worry about (one Gloom pops back over the river) is war; Mr. Hays doesn't like to see the United States sit in on the "crooked game" of Collective Security. However, the shadow of war isn't very menacing, just yet; and the government is free to experiment (Joy, Joy, Joy) with such devices as the Swedish double budget, state-fostered housing, and the Ezekiel plan of bribing the capitalists to produce, produce, produce. (The Joys are left in undisputed possession of the field, pending Mr. Hays's next encounter with one of his capitalist clients.)

Such a crude restatement of Mr. Hays's theme in terms of a Powers cartoon may do violence to the soundness of the arguments in "Democracy Works." But it does no violence to the tone. Mr. Hays belongs to the hearty-hefty school of colloquialism-slingers, as his chapter headings (We Digga Da Ditch—, Shoes for the Baby and Sunday in the Park, and From IOU to AFL and CIO) indicate. An arguer for the word go—and a damned good one, too—Mr. Hays can't be bothered with questions of modulation; he wants to get it all down in black and white, with so many raps on the knuckles for the extreme right, and a good dose of "that-was-old-stuff-back-in-1848" for the Socialist and Communist left.

Personally, although I prefer the colloquial style to the grand manner any day in the week, I could get along without some of Mr. Hays's literary he-mannishness. But as for the contents of "Democracy Works," I am all on Mr. Hays's side. Men obviously have different motivations: the desire for security battles the desire for freedom in every one of us. Inasmuch as the nature of man is mixed, it would seem logical to suppose that a mixed economic system (part socialistic "intervention," part free enterprise) takes care of more psychological needs than any other system. This does not mean that a mixed system is ordained of God, or that democracy must endure forever: for all his Joyousness Mr. Hays is no right-must-triumph Pollyanna. But it does mean that Americans won't willingly depart from the mixed-up system they have at present—and if his countrymen aren't interested in the Socialist millennium, the pragmatic Mr. Hays prefers to make his plans accordingly. Those plans include fighting for preservation of the civil liberties which, as Mr. Hays points out, you aren't apt to have under a "pure" system.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

May 13, 1939

Night of the Hatchets

THE NEW INQUISITION. By Konrad Heiden. With an introduction by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Modern Age Books and Alliance Book Corporation. 50 cents.

THE world-famous author of the first history of National Socialism and an exhaustive biography of Hitler has written a masterpiece of social-political pamphleteering "which every American should read"—as Hendrik Willem Van Loon says in his alarming introduction. This often misused phrase, one must emphasize, is rightly used here. Even the informed student of Nazi politics and behavior will realize in reading this book how little he knows, how pale his idea has been, of what happened on November 10, 1938, and in the following days all over Germany—only half a year ago and almost forgotten—when the "ire of the people" in "spontaneous action" staged the greatest, most atrocious, and most cowardly pogrom in history.

Konrad Heiden gives us the record of the ghastly proceedings of the "Night of the Hatchets" hour by hour, quoting from checked accounts of victims and neutral eyewitnesses for whom he is able to vouch. In a tone and spirit of almost frightening restraint he presents fact after fact: how the "spontaneous action" started at three o'clock at night when even the most ardent terrorists had to be dragged out of their beds; how the wholesale arrests got under way; how the hatchets which had been distributed the day before were used; how the schools closed and the children got the order "to smash everything the Jews have"; how orphanages and hospitals and old people's homes were emptied and their inhabitants, children and old people, driven barefooted over splintered window glass, in their night clothes, into the cold night; how thousands upon thousands were taken to the concentration camps and tortured. "The S. A. had arrested a young Jewish couple. The wife asked permission to take along her ten-months-old baby. This was refused. When the two had been taken away, the baby was locked in the empty apartment, which was sealed and placed under guard. The baby's cries could be heard for two days. Then it grew quiet." Truly, the burning to the ground of five hundred synagogues was a minor feature of the whole coldly calculated action.

The author studies the pogrom from every angle, giving its meaning in terms of Nazi power politics and its place in the process of the physical liquidation of German Jewry. He takes pains to find out how the German people acted as a whole, and after establishing that the great majority strongly disapproved, comes to the hopeful conclusion that for the first time limits are visible beyond which the German people will not endure a tyranny which forces it to become a partner in the lowest crimes.

For two reasons one cannot read this short book at one sitting. First, one has to pause before continuing to look at a reality which the most fearful imagination could not invent; second, one is forced to think. The lessons to be drawn are manifold and of far-reaching consequences. The introduction says rightly: "Konrad Heiden has rendered us a signal service by writing this book, which may well contain his own death sentence. . . . He has deserved well of the American people."

FRANZ HOELLERING

567

"It might with equal effect be called 'The Life and Death of an American Town'."

—N. Y. TIMES

ELLIOT PAUL'S

most exciting and dramatic novel

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

FOR hundreds of thousands of Americans who have found themselves, in the last few years, directly in the line of fire between opposing forces in industrial conflicts, Elliot Paul's new novel will have a special significance and appeal. It tells the story of a little New England town; of what happened when one man, the factory owner, Mark Loring, tried to impose his will on the townspeople. As **THE NEW YORK TIMES** says: "The peculiar distinction of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' . . . lies in its portrayal of the town . . . caught and confused in the shambles of ideas and loyalties . . . Slowly in spite of defeat, paid for in unemployment, hunger, and disruption of business, the town begins to take shape as a unit supporting an American principle of freedom and fair play. The doctor, the minister, the lawyer, the merchant, faced with the methods employed by the victor, take their stand with the defeated . . . and discover a personal rejuvenation of faith . . . For this and for its brilliant characterization, this book deserves high praise."

EDWIN SEAVER said, over WQXR: "We have had a number of interesting strike novels . . . but none, I think, have been as good as Mr. Paul's novel. If you want a really rousing novel of the contemporary scene, a novel brimful of action, and offering most significant implications, read Elliot Paul's 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'"

RANDOM HOUSE recommends *The Stars and Stripes Forever* unreservedly to all those who read *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town*. They will find it equally dramatic and moving, but dealing with a scene and a problem more real to Americans of the year 1939 . . . it tells a side of the story of industrial conflict that has never yet been told, the side that means most to those of us who belong to neither of the disputing forces and want only to be left alone in peace . . .

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK, \$2.50



Arctic Empire

SOVIETS IN THE ARCTIC. By T. A. Taracouzio. The Macmillan Company. \$7.50.

THIS book is published under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research. The author is an American citizen, though a native of Esthonia, who studied for four years at the University of Leningrad and completed his studies with a Ph.D. degree at Harvard University. With this background and a command of the Russian language, he is now in charge of the Slavic collection at the Harvard Law School Library. He is author of "The Soviet Union and International Law," written under the same auspices.

There has long been need of just such a work as "Soviets in the Arctic," by one who had at his command the complete literature of the subject. The book is based on decrees of the Soviet Union and what has been actually accomplished under them as indicated by official statistics. The questionable reliability of many of these data is frankly admitted, and the author has preserved an admirably scientific point of view.

The first impression, and it is one which is bound to be confirmed by a careful reading, is amazement over what has really been accomplished under difficulties which at first appeared to be almost insuperable, but for coping with which a totalitarian state possessed exceptional advantages. This Arctic empire now in evolution north of the polar circle is of necessity based first of all upon the establishment of communications, and these are, and for a long time must be, chiefly through an ice-blocked sea which has long defied even

exploring expeditions to navigate it. That such difficulties have already to a large extent been overcome redounds to the credit of the *Glavsevmorput*, the administration of the Soviet Far North, which was first set up as recently as 1933. At the head of this great organization is Professor Otto Schmidt, with an All-Union Institute for the development of technique and the training of personnel. In the brief period of six years that has since elapsed, the accomplishments have been little less than marvelous. The supreme handicap has been a population made up of primitive races with alien customs and languages. The miracle has been wrought largely through the efficient use of airplane and radio, supplemented by that peculiarly Russian form of ship, the ice-breaker.

Of short-wave radio stations there are today no fewer than seventy-two strategically placed throughout this far-flung Arctic empire, and airplane and ice-breaker bases are already established at the most difficult places for the aid of commercial ships traversing the "northern sea route." The ice-blocked waters off Cape Cheliuskin, which separate it from the Nicholas II archipelago, remain the one great obstacle; and though ships navigate this Vil'kitskii Strait each summer, the great body of commerce operates within the seas to the west and east—lumber to the west and fish to the east. From these great arteries of traffic the large rivers of Siberia, especially the Ob, Yenesei, Lena, and Kolyma, make contact with the hinterland to and beyond the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The opening up of much-needed coal mines near Igarka on the Yenesei, and of the equally needed salt mines near the mouth of the Lena, promises an early large expansion of commerce along both these coasts, westward toward Europe and eastward to the Orient.

It is this side of the evolution of the Soviets' Arctic empire, exploration and the northern sea route, which is the outstanding success thus far achieved. Mr. Taracouzio's picture shows for the economic development, even on the basis of Soviet statistics, the woeful lack of correspondence between the advance planning outlays and the accomplishment. Page after page of his book sets forth the advance estimates of accomplishment compared with the very meager results.

The book is fully documented and is furnished with a fourteen-page index. A third of the book is given over to thirty-four long appendices, all but two of which concern decrees and statutes of the Soviet government. The book is furnished with six double-page maps, with another in a pocket at the end. There is also a forty-four-page bibliography. Together these indicate that the book is likely to become the standard work of reference in English.

WILLIAM H. HOBBS

Life Story of a Socialist

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GERMAN REBEL. By Toni Sender. Vanguard Press. \$3.

SOME months ago Angelica Balabanoff published her autobiography, which gave new insight into the character of some leading men in the revolutionary movement in Russia and Italy. Now Toni Sender follows with her life story. She does not give us as interesting psychological studies as Madam Balabanoff, but Toni Sender's presentation of the Ger-

"A fine piece of work"—Thomas Mann

THE POWER OF THE Charlatan

by GRETE DE FRANCESCO

Translated by Miriam Beard

The quack feeds on human misery. He rides to popularity on peoples' woes. Whatever his role—cultist, demagogue or medicine man, his method throughout the ages has been the appeal to mass ignorance, his chief weapon propaganda. The author, writing of a galaxy of quacks, in medieval and modern Europe throws new light on many of today's movements and leaders by revealing their origins and progress. Miriam Beard has added sections on American quackery. Many of the 69 illustrations are from rare contemporary prints. \$3.75

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New Haven, Connecticut

May 13, 1939

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man labor movement as seen from her observation points in two German provincial towns, Frankfort and Dresden, is different from the usual picture and makes interesting reading. Moreover, the story of a life exclusively devoted to one cause has its own special appeal.

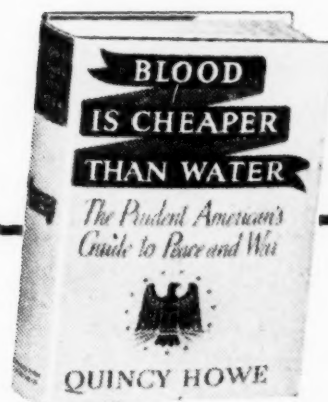
Toni Sender was born in a little town in the Rhineland into a well-to-do Jewish family. She soon suffered under the middle-class life and morality that surrounded her. Her first revolt consisted in earning her own living, something unusual in the circle to which her strictly religious family belonged. As a next step she joined a union. Since there was close contact between unions and the Socialist movement in Germany, active participation in the industrial labor movement almost necessarily led to political action.

However, to be really free, Toni Sender left Germany and settled in France. There she joined the famous fourteenth section of the Socialist Party in Paris. She saw the profound differences between the heavily centralized German labor movement, controlled from the top, and the loosely connected groups of the French Socialist Party, discussing their conflicting opinions in full freedom. The almost complete lack of a paid party machinery in France, consequent on the small size of the organization, partly explains these differences. Another explanation is represented by personalities like Jean Jaurès and "Father" Bracke, who led the French Socialists.

When the Great War broke out, Toni Sender left France hurriedly and went back to Germany. Soon she was engaged in the struggle within the Social Democratic Party in Frankfort over the issue of the Socialist attitude toward the war. She belonged to the small group of those who opposed the Majority Socialists in their support of the government's war policy. After the fateful split between the Majority Socialists and the Independents led by Haase and Kautsky, she joined the Independents. She cooperated with Robert Dissmann, leader of the powerful metal workers' union and an influential member of the Independent Party. With him she led the revolutionary movement in Frankfort in November, 1918, and soon afterward became editor of the Independents' newspaper in Frankfort.

The split, although caused by the war, outlasted it, and after the Kapp putsch and the failure of the Majority Socialists to prevent the revolt of the army, the Independents gained rapidly at the expense of the right-wing Social Democrats. Toni Sender was elected member of the Reichstag, the youngest member of the House. A new chapter in her life began. She devoted most of her time to questions of tariff policy and foreign affairs while continuing her work in the metal workers' union, with its million members the biggest single union in the world. The Independent Party in its turn was split over the twenty-one conditions of the Communist International, one part joining the Communist Party, the rest forced to merge with the Majority Socialists. Toni Sender manifestly regretted this fusion. However, there was hardly an alternative left after the disruption of the great Independent Party.

Perhaps the most surprising part of Mrs. Sender's story is her attitude toward the Socialist tactic during the Ruhr struggle and her estimate of the inflation's significance. The so-called "passive resistance" was pure mockery, and the workers



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bore the entire burden of the conflict between Germany and France. Not only "some persons," as Mrs. Sender puts it, but almost the whole of big business profited from the inflation. As a matter of fact, inflation was the most important source of capital accumulation during these years and a main cause of the lasting lack of equilibrium in the economic structure of Germany.

After the Reichstag fire of February, 1933, Toni Sender, threatened by the Nazis like thousands of her party friends, fled to Czechoslovakia and then to Belgium. After a lecture tour in the United States, she decided to start life anew in this country, to "become a citizen of a free and democratic country."

There is little in this book that is new. However, the author's story throws interesting sidelights on some important events in a fascinating, although depressing, period in history.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

MUSIC

FROM the Mozart correspondence we learned, last week, that his greatest works were enthusiastically received by the musical public of his time; but we learn also that he could not convert this public's appreciation of his music into the money that would have kept him from dying wretchedly at thirty-five. The musician of this period held a post in the court or household of a king or prelate or noble; or he earned gifts of money by playing his works at such a court or household and presenting copies to such a person; or he gave concerts and had his music engraved for subscribers; or he wrote works that were ordered by a theater manager or a private patron of music. All of these things Mozart did, and all without financial success.

Haydn spent thirty years in the Esterhazy household, where he found financial security, appreciation of his talent, and favorable conditions for its development; Mozart was less fortunate. Concerning his first employer, the Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo of Salzburg, Leopold Mozart writes in 1777 to Padre Martini that "for the last five years my son has been serving our Prince for a miserable pittance," and that this Prince "was not ashamed to declare that my son knew nothing and that he ought to betake himself to some conservatorio of music at Naples and study music. And why? Simply in order to make it quite clear that a young man in a subordinate position should not be so foolish as to feel convinced that he deserved better pay and more recognition." It was this that compelled Mozart, at twenty-one, to seek employment in Munich, Augsburg, Mannheim, and Paris; his failure to find it compelled him to return to the Archbishop, until further mistreatment ended in the final break in 1781. And concerning Mozart's only other post, that of chamber composer to the Emperor, which he held from 1787 to his death in 1791, Miss Anderson's valuable notes inform us that he received 800 gulden a year, as against the 2,000 paid to his predecessor Gluck and the almost twice 800 paid to his successor Kozeluch.

From another of Miss Anderson's notes we learn that Mozart received only fifty ducats for "The Abduction from the Seraglio" instead of the usual hundred; and we saw last week that Schott published an unauthorized clavier arrangement before Mozart could publish his own—which deprived him of this part of the financial benefit from the success of the opera. In Mannheim, where he had played for the Elector, his present "was just as I expected. No money, but a fine gold watch." In Paris he gave twenty-four lessons to the daughter of the Duc de Guines and was offered payment for only twelve. In 1789 he writes his wife from Leipzig: "From the point of view of applause and glory this concert was absolutely magnificent, but the profits were wretchedly meager"; from Berlin: "The Queen wants to hear me play on Tuesday, but I shan't make much money." In 1790 his need of cash is such that "I have now been obliged to give away my quartets (those very difficult works) [K. 575, 589, 590] for a mere song." And in the hope that the festivities in connection with the coronation of Leopold II will enable him to earn some of the money he so desperately needs, he makes his last journey to Frankfort, where, he writes to his wife, "I am both known and respected" and "already I am being invited everywhere," but has to report in the end that his concert "was a splendid success from the point of view of honor and glory, but a failure as far as money was concerned. Unfortunately some Prince was giving a big déjeuner and the Hessian troops were holding a grand maneuver. But in any case some obstacle has arisen on every day during my stay here."

Composers of today who find it advantageous to argue that artists have always been in advance of their time, find it advantageous a moment later to argue that a composer to write well must write a great deal, and that if the twentieth-century composer does not produce as good music as the eighteenth it is because he hasn't the benefit of the eighteenth century's system of patronage, which provided the occasions and rewards for the exercise of talent that is necessary for its development and fruition. One moment, then, Mozart wrote such great music that his own age would have none of it; the next moment he achieved this greatness through being one of a centuryful of busily and profitably and successfully employed composers. As a matter of fact it is not Mozart that our composers have in mind the second moment; it is Haydn. But a hundred other musicians exercised their talents in noble households and did not produce music of the stature of Haydn's; and Mozart produced the greatest music of all without the favorable conditions that Haydn had at Esterhaz. Moreover, the disappearance of the eighteenth-century system of patronage did not mean the end of employment for the composer—for the mediocrity, that is, as well as for the genius; but it was not such employment that led Schubert to exercise his talent and produce the greatest music after Beethoven's. And it is not for lack of occasions to exercise their talents—occasions provided by Guggenheim fellowships, by commissions of orchestras and other such organizations, by prize competitions, and recently by government employment—that our composers are not producing music comparable with the great music of the past; it is for lack of what it takes in musical and personal resources to produce such music.

B. H. HAGGIN

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